JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 78. | SATURDAY NOVEMBER 30, 1907. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

No. 056169

For meaning of this number see page 1.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Contents

What is Your Number?

The World, The Flesh, and The Devil.

John Bull's Biscuits.

Our Model Limerick Competition.

The Newest Theology.

Prisoners at the Bar.

Commonwealth and State.

Among the Mummers.

John Bull's Post-cards.

The Cartoon.

John Bull in the City.

Among the Lawyers.

Hurly Burly.

Among the Books.

John Bull's Womenfolk.

Bull's Eyes. Letter Bag.

Racing Notes, etc.

The PERFORMER

THE VOICE OF THE MUSIC HALLS.

THE ARTISTE'S OWN PAPER.

WATCH FOR OUR
SECOND . . .
CHRISTMAS . .
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Vol. III. No. 78. Saturday, November 30th, 1907. One Penny.

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IMPORTANT ALTERATION IN OUR WEEKLY BALLOT SCHEME.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

Hitherto, it has been our custom to draw TEN *numbers weekly, and to pay to each of the holders the sum of £5; but in future we shall select fifty helpers weekly at a guinea each.*

The following claims have been received in respect of October 19th:—

Mr. A. L. WARLOW, 3, Bonser Road, Strawberry Hill, Middlesex (No. 036,590).

ALBERT J. H. MORRIS, 35, Thayer Street, Manchester Square, W. (No. 070,210).

FREDERICK T. HILL, 14, Borthwick Road, Leytonstone, N.E. (No. 047,713).

Upon compliance with the conditions of the scheme cheques will be duly forwarded.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF OCTOBER 26TH:—

236,953; 142,360; 125,619; 172,537; 201,430; 162,186; 238,580; 225,295; 194,617; 195,079.

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 2ND.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 4TH (PUBLISHED JANUARY 2ND).

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is wise in getting away into a kindlier air. He has not the Gladstonian constitution, and what with domestic trials and public pressure, he has had a hard time of it during the past two years. As the Ministry is at present constituted, the forward movement within it is, however, largely dependent on his holding the reins. There is more thin Liberalism in the Cabinet than the man in the street is aware of, and a serious breakdown in the health of the Premier would involve a grave risk of the collapse of the Government. Mr. Asquith is a very brilliant man, but is quite lacking in the qualities of leadership.

Hearty congratulations to the Hackney Borough Council upon having forced the hand of the Commissioner of Police in the matter of the execution of warrants against defaulting ratepayers. It will be remembered that the Council has been urging that such warrants should be dealt with by plain-clothes men, and that hitherto this most reasonable suggestion has been rejected by the authorities. We recently asked them to reconsider their decision, and the news now comes to hand that "the Commissioner has decided to arrange for a trial of the proposal for the next three months." This is a step in the right direction. Uniformed police officers should never appear on the scene except in proper police cases. The non-payment of rates is not a criminal offence in any real sense of the phrase. It is often the result of intense hardship and suffering, and it should be our aim to make things as little unpleasant and humiliating as possible for the unhappy defaulter. Well done, Hackney Borough Council!

A correspondent makes a very sensible and interesting suggestion to us on the subject of memoriam advertisements, which are always sickly, morbid reading, and, in our view, constitute an unjustifiable obtrusion of people's private griefs upon the general reader of the newspapers. Let these people, says our friend, pay the sums which such advertisements cost upon every anniversary of their bereavement—under the initials, or even in the names of, their departed ones—to the Fresh Air or Children's Dinner Fund, or some other deserving charity. We quite agree. Surely it should give more consolation to a mourning wife or mother to know that every time the sad date of her loss comes round some good deed is done in the name of the dear dead than can possibly be derived from the public protestation of her grief at a shilling a line. Tears, said someone, are the vanity of grief. We don't agree with that sentiment; but memoriam advertisements are the hysteria of it.

"The magistrate said it was a very bad offence indeed, and the prisoner must go to prison for twenty-one days." The prisoner was a Merthyr labourer, out of work, and had a starving wife and family crying for

food. It was Saturday night, and the poor wretch, half distracted, wandered out in desperate despair. Of course, he could have gone to the Relieving Officer—if he had known where to find him and how to go about it. Maybe, he was on the way there. But he got no further than a field in which were growing turnips and carrots, and, being a poor political economist, he yielded to the temptation to pull a few of the grateful roots from the earth. But, unfortunately for him, "P.C. Martin" was on the spot, and so, when at last the hungry family heard the sound of footsteps at their door, it was simply a policeman to say that the wicked husband and father was securely confined in the local locker. "A very bad offence," wasn't it, dear, well-fed readers? You remember that the prisoner was a Merthyr labourer! Where was his Member of Parliament? In *India*, inquiring into the grievances of the *natives!* Poor Merthyr labourer!

Let us now glance at another picture—that Bourbon wedding at Wood Norton. Accounts of its multifarious aspects in the newspapers must have run into furlongs. The cost of the ceremony has been estimated at between £20,000 and £30,000. It is said that £60,000 were spent on the bride's trousseau, which included 102 pairs of shoes and about 100 dresses. It is sorry reading. Extravagance of this kind, and, above all, the public flaunting of extravagance of this kind, is not a good thing in the fierce glare of the present social unrest. The aristocratic party is understood to be engaged at the present moment in a campaign against Socialism. Yet here is this gorgeous display of wanton extravagance in sight of the workers. The effect of the spectacle is that every man toiling for his daily bread will be tempted to compare his state with that of the bride and bridegroom. While he compares he will think. And heaven help the "classes" when the "masses" begin to think. It won't be the turnip-fields then!

Here is a delicious bit of clerical cant. It comes from the Parish Magazine of St. John the Evangelist, Kenilworth:—

> "And when the cloud was taken up . . . then after that the Children of Israel journeyed."—*Num.* ix., 17.
>
> My dear People,—During the past few days has come a call, as I believe, from God, which will mean farewell to our happy work here. The Trustees of Christ Church, Beckenham, have offered me the living and I have thought it right to accept it. My new living is within ten miles of London, *and has been admirably worked.* The church holds 700 people, *and the congregation consists mainly of City men and their families.* You will, I am sure, acquit me of any hasty decision, or desire to leave you. During the last few years a considerable number of offers have been made to me, five within the past year, and each considerably wider in scope and influence than St. John's. Hitherto I have refused them all, *since I was not sure of the call of God in the matter.* But I believe that this time we are meant to go, though it will be hard work to say farewell. The Lord bless you all, my beloved people, and send you a man after His own heart.

The blatant hypocrisy of the thing is equalled only by the naïveté of the suggestion that during the seven years of the rev. gentleman's ministry both he and his flock have been up in the clouds. Let us also fervently join in the hope that the next incumbent will be the right sort of man. Meanwhile, may we ask how the salary of the "well-worked" church at Beckenham, with its congregation of "City men and their families," compares with that of St. John the Evangelist at Kenilworth?

Whilst on this topic, let us also quote an official announcement of St. Mary's Church, Hammersmith: "Bible reading for *young ladies* and children of seat-holders, Sundays 3.15; for *young women*, on Thursdays, 8.15." We wonder whether the young *ladies* and the young *women* have separate accommodation in heaven. It will be so awkward if they are constantly meeting.

Will the new Army Reform scheme bring about a revision of the monthly Army List? If Mr. Haldane has any designs in this direction, he had better hand the job over to an experienced author or journalist. It is all too common knowledge that none but those who have had a severe apprenticeship can find anything they want in the List under at least an hour's good search. The indices might almost as well be omitted for what good they are, and the contents of the volume are put together on a distinctly lazy plan, although, since the new régime at the War Office, there have been slight improvements. But they have come on the instalment system, and have to be discovered. Now we are about to have so many changes let us have a thorough overhauling of this useful book. Hitherto it has been little more than a handy weapon for killing flies with.

According to *Le Cri de Paris*, Limerick competitions are to be introduced into the French Parliament. "This," says our contemporary, "would be the hit of the session. Ministers and Deputies would all compete." It may interest *Le Cri* to know that before our own Parliament rose for the holidays the cult of the Limerick was much in vogue in the smoking rooms, and that many of the efforts published in the more select corners were remarkable for a high quality of literary talent. One specimen we have by us, picked up from under a certain comfortable chair, runs as follows:—

> Der vonce whas a party so slick,
> Dot it trumped efry Radical trick,
> But Joe dot you know
> Come and bust up der show—
> Und now dey haff gone to Old Nick.

This thrilling effort is in the handwriting of a well-known Unionist member—but we mustn't tell tales out of school.

During the discussion on the abortive and Whiggified "Home Rule" Bill of Mr. Birrell, we suggested it was a pity that the three parties did not remove the whole Irish question from the political arena by mutual agreement in non-party conference. We note that the success of Mr. Lloyd-George in settling the railway dispute by Conciliation Board has suggested to *Truth* that the eternal Home Rule question should be solved in the same way. Of course, neither idea is new. To men above the clashing prejudices of party, this non-party method of settlement has always been an attraction. It has twice come up in practical politics. It was suggested to Lord Randolph Churchill in the form of an Inquiry by Lord Justice FitzGibbon. Mr. Gladstone also made it to Lord Salisbury. But that was at a time when men's passions ran high. There has been a cooling of the blood since then, and it may be that, sooner or later, the Conciliation Board method will be the one which the country will demand to be applied to the solution of that problem of the Green Sphinx which, in acute or chronic form, is ever with us. What says Mr. Redmond?

When, the other day, some discerning person missed the inscription, "In God we trust," from the new American gold coins, the Only Teddy rose to explain that it wasn't there because it was in danger of being made a subject of irreverent jest. Since then many persons have been endeavouring to discover where the jest comes in, irreverent or otherwise. Mr. Roosevelt forgets that there is at least one American millionaire—and there may be others—whose almighty reverence for Trusts does not preclude his trust in the Almighty. To the mind of the pious Rockefeller, indeed, the one implies the other. The touching piety of this auriferous gentleman is one of the most beautiful things in the

world's Rock Oil industry, and it must be something of a shock to the whole American continent that he has not risen to protest against the deletion of the inscription on the gold currency. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt is inspired by the loftiest motives, but—doesn't he see a joke a little too far ahead?

That is a somewhat startling decision which comes out of the court of Mr. Justice Joyce. The action was for an injunction to restrain the posting of comic advertisements on a wall adjoining a church at Earlsfield. In granting the injunction, the judge said: "It was undoubtedly very annoying for people leaving church to be met face to face by comic advertisements, and those referring to the sale of whisky." After this decision, the judge ought to be rather busy. In London there are a vast number of poster hoardings opposite churches. These are plastered with every sort of advertisement, from pure soap to strong drink and from unparalleled mustard to unprecedented drama. The vicar of the edifice opposite the "finest site in Europe" seems to have an unassailable case for injunction, for instance. On the hoarding opposite he will find the attention of his congregation not only arrested by the startling inquiry, "One moment, please. Sorry to stop you. But have you read JOHN BULL?" but pained by the vision of tremendous bottles of whisky and maidens fair to see. The Law Courts are quite near at hand, however, so the vicar can take his grievance to Mr. Justice Joyce and be comforted. There may be other vicars in similar distressing cases. If so, let 'em all come.

The latest absurdity in the Yellow Press is a bitter attack upon the Government for having "abandoned" Kaid Maclean. Considering that he took service under a foreign Government for his own personal advantage, we fail to see where our responsibility comes in. If once the principle were admitted that we are bound to rescue every adventurous Englishman who gets into trouble, there would be no end to the ransoms we should have to pay, or the punitive expeditions we should have to send out. The precedent of Miss Stone is a very bad one to bring forward. Everyone knows by this time that her capture was organised on behalf of the Bulgarian bands, and that Sarafof had the spending of her ransom. It was a monstrous thing to compel the Sultan of Turkey to pay this money, and it would be no less wrong to compel the Sultan of Morocco to hand over the sinews of war to the rebel Raisuli. Besides, how does Mr. Pearson propose to effect the compulsion?

We cannot say that we are broken-hearted that the Suffragettes should be having their meetings disturbed. At the same time, we confess that we don't quite like the spectacle of rowdy students offering public insults to women. Of course, it will be said that imitation of their methods is a sincere form of flattery. For ourselves, we should prefer, whilst the present state of things exists, that Liberals should exclude women from their meetings. The object of meetings, after all, is to influence votes, and as women—at present, at any rate—have no votes, there can be no harm in confining the meetings to those who have. That seems the only way out of the difficulty.

The Borough Council of St. Pancras seems to be more than ordinarily thoughtful. It runs a municipal cemetery, and at the back of its rate-demands prints a complete statement of charges showing how ratepayers can be comfortably, expeditiously and economically buried. Everything has been thought out as carefully as a menu. You simply choose the place where you would like to be buried, compose what you would like to have said on the tombstone, then die, and the Borough Council does the rest. To live in a rate-ridden borough, and be buried in a rate-supported cemetery is surely the Alpha and Omega of human ecstasy. It is hereby suggested that the Council should now make room on the back of their rate-note for a succinct list of the prices at which they are prepared to supply wreaths for the funeral.

We have often wondered what some tweeds are made of. And now we know. According to the feminine or masculine genius who presides over the dark mysteries of the domestic column in an evening contemporary, "Tweed and serge can be made at home at a small cost by the following process: Take of powdered alum and sugar of lead each one ounce, stir them into a gallon of rain water, and when the mixture is clear, pour off the upper liquid." This is only part of the recipe, but, even as far as it goes, it makes the process quite clear. It is well-known, of course, that vicunas, worsteds, and best Dewsbury shoddy can be easily made at home by mixing half an ounce of Lipton's unrivalled butter with half a pound of soft soap and five ounces of prime beef suet, stirring the same together for twenty-nine hours in a gallon of beer, placing on a slow fire till the liquid comes to the boil, adding half a pound of sugar and a sheep's head, and straining the whole through a mangle when cool. The other recipe, however, is novel. Our contemporary should apply for a provisional patent without delay.

Though there appears to be no escape from a Licensing Bill next session, it is permissible to hope that the Government will make some effort to extricate themselves from the wild, weird pertinacities of their more fanatical supporters. Not content with urging Ministers to attack the pubs., the intemperate teetotalers are egging them on to attack the clubs. For instance, at a meeting of the National United Temperance Council a few days ago a memorial was drawn up for presentation to the Prime Minister "urging that in the forthcoming Licensing Bill strict attention should be paid to the regulation of the sale of intoxicants in clubs." Whether this meant that the Government should strictly limit the thirst of the clubs by insisting that the keys of the cellars be kept in the custody of an excise officer on the permanent staff, or that no member should be entitled to take refreshment within the precincts after 11 p.m. on week days and 10 p.m. on Sundays, we have no present means of knowing. There will certainly be consternation in the National Liberal Club, not to mention the Carlton, if the policeman on the beat is legally authorised to put his head in at the door and shout "Time, gentlemen, please!" at unpropitious hours. What seems clear is that the too utterly teetotal will never rest content till all the rest of the population are driven to ginger beer and similarly uninspiring and indigestible refreshment. We sternly set our face against the consummation of that appalling calamity—whether by Chadband or Juggins.

A new use has been discovered for the Man of Forty (and over) besides that of figuring as the middle-aged-youthful hero of modern actor-manager comedy. Dr. Louise G. Rabinovitch, a Jewish lady doctor of New York, is responsible for recommending this new avenue of utility for those of us who are getting on. It is—what do you think? To populate the world of the future with men and women of genius. It seems that the parents of great men and women are "for the most part of a ripe age at the time of conception"—that is to say, "the cellular potentiality of the parents is then at its maximum from the mental as well as the physical point of view." Therefore, Miss Rabinovitch laughs at all the theories of "too old at forty," and twits Professor Osler with overlooking the chief function of middle-aged gentlemen. It is a long time since we have come across so frank and practical and perspicacious a lady doctor as this very candid and intelligent young Jewess—we do not really know whether she is young or not, but we think she must be, for she gene-

ralises with a gay simplicity that deserts most of us before we reach maturity.

Some of the data on which Dr. Rabinovitch bases her theory are curious, not to say fascinating. She has studied the biographies of 74 persons, whom she and most of the world are agreed were men and women of genius. Only ten of the 74 were first-born children; only six out of 42 great writers; one—and he illegitimate—out of 17 artists; and two out of 15 musicians. Generally, the man or woman of genius, it appears, is the *dernière cartouche*, so to speak, or the last but one. Coleridge was youngest of thirteen children, Fenimore Cooper eleventh of twelve, Washington Irving eleventh and final, Balzac youngest of three, and George Eliot of four. Napoleon was the eighth "and probably the last" (O, Miss Rabinovitch!); Daniel Webster and Richard Wagner were both the last of seven, and Benjamin Franklin of seventeen; and so the merry list goes on. We know a Scotsman who is a teetotaler because he says his father drank the family share of whisky twice over. Genius is often childless; perhaps the idea may be similar. If one be the seventeenth in a family of boys, a feeling that the family has done its share towards the population of the world may very well be forgiven.

Lord Milner is again riding the same old nag in the same old way. He has been telling a meeting of Rugby Tariffers that there will be no security for the people of this country without Conscription. "To train every able-bodied man to be able, if need be, to defend his country," he said, "is not only good for the country, but good for the man." The proud, prancing pro-consul of the Transvaal does not seem to have been honoured by loud applause in making this statement, which would be correct except for two particulars: (1) That compulsory military service would not be good for the country, and (2) that it would not be good for the man. In Germany, in France, in Austria, in Italy, in practically every Continental nation, the Government steals three years out of the life of every citizen. Take the equivalent of that in labour of eight hours a day at six days a week, and you have the citizen compelled to give to military service 7,500 hours which should be devoted to the productive developments of his country. And during all these 7,500 hours he is not only producing nothing, but he has to be maintained by a tax on other producers. Every Englishman is ahead of his Continental neighbour by the capital and interest represented in those seven thousand five hundred hours devoted to labour for his own personal benefit and for the benefit of his country. That is merely the economic side of Conscription; on the moral and political side the arguments against it are not less telling. But, indeed, if men like Lord Milner were compelled to serve compulsorily in the ranks, the cry for Conscription would be no more heard in the land. The Conscriptionists are too fond of their clubs in Piccadilly to yearn to be shunted into the army.

It appears that we are to have a new agitation among tram conductors. They now demand permission to smoke when on duty. It is, perhaps, insular and old-fashioned, and even autocratic, to object to a harmless relaxation, but we confess that, at the first blush, we are tempted to regard the proposal with some doubt. An ordinary gentleman would not stand the idea of his coachman smoking on the box, and the suburban traveller will say that he is no less entitled to the respect of the people he is employing, even though he may only be spending pennies where others are disbursing pounds. On the other hand, surely the conductor is a man and a brother, and few would object to his enjoying his simple pleasures in the course of his arduous and monotonous toil. The whole question of smoking is a puzzling one. There are few people who have any physical objection to smoking nowadays. But some still cherish the idea that to smoke in their presence is a liberty. Many of us remember that our fathers and grandfathers looked upon smoking as a very disgusting habit. They did not object to men who drank their two or three bottles of port after dinner, and reeled about the room or sank under the table, but they thought it horrible and vulgar if a man took tobacco, and they would never tolerate it among their inferiors. Cavaliers regarded it as a greater insult when Roundheads puffed smoke in the face of the King than when they spat at him. And those broad Churchmen or exponents of the new theology who organise smoking services in church are regarded almost as blasphemous. But the present age is growing more and more tolerant, and whilst we should discourage our butler from smoking a pipe while he was handing round the soup, we do not, on the whole, see why our tram conductors should not enjoy their tobacco in the open air while they are conveying us to our constituency.

According to a member of the Stockton Chamber of Commerce, Mr. John Burns does not know one end of a cow from the other. But he seems willing to learn, and for a long time he has been studying the conditions of milk production and milk supply—doubtless with this object in view. That there may be as few gaps as possible in his knowledge, he has latterly risen with the early worm and gone round with the milkman. By this time, therefore, it is probable that what the President of the Local Government Board does not know about milk isn't worth knowing about the cow. It does him credit that he should take such pains to become practically acquainted with all the factors of the milk problem at first hand. If other statesmen would adopt a similar method before venturing upon that kind of legislation which is the inefficient result of half-knowledge, the time of Parliament would often be spent to better purpose.

If the *Manchester Guardian* is to be accredited, an East Anglian gentleman who has married his deceased wife's sister has been informed that he will not be allowed to take Holy Communion. On the face of it, this action of the vicar responsible seems illegal. A member of the Church of England is entitled to the "administration of the Lord's Supper," save and except when he is what the rubric calls "an open and notorious evil liver, or has done any wrong to his neighbours by word or deed." It is a novel interpretation of the rubric that by marrying his deceased wife's sister according to Act of Parliament a man becomes an open and notorious evil liver. Peradventure, an action for slander will enlighten the vicar's darkness and bend his stubborn neck to reason.

A special and peculiar kind of idiot is at large in London, but it is believed the police have no clue. His entertainment consists in splashing ink on ladies' dresses as they look into West End shops or walk along the streets, Bond Street and Regent Street being his field of operation. Not long ago a man was arrested for scissoring the flowing locks of young girls in another part of the West End. This ink-slinger seems a lunatic of the same genus, but of a rarer species. Unless he is caught black-handed, it seems improbable that he will be caught at all. Is he a disappointed journalist?

We have been astonished by the following paragraph in an article on "Royal Smokers" in the *Tribune*: "Ex-Queen Natalie of Servia is a staunch adherent to the Balkan cigarettes. These are privately manufactured for her, and she invariably carries with her a case containing twenty-five. When half of these are smoked, the case is replenished from a box carried by an attendant." If this is true, it illustrates an extraordinary change of temperament. Not very long ago

the Queen had a positive horror of tobacco-smoke. No one ever dreamed of smoking in her presence, and, when she had allowed gentlemen to smoke in the one room set apart for that purpose, she always had all the windows opened very wide after their departure. In a country where nearly everyone smokes, her strong prejudice attracted a good deal of attention among her friends. We should be glad to know what authority the writer in the *Tribune* has for his statement.

Surely it is making farce and foolery of the statute for a widow to enter an action for breach of promise against a man who made the promise in the lifetime of her husband. This is a form of enterprise which has found favour with the Widow Appleton of Manchester, the damages claimed being the bagatelle of £5,680. It is a tribute to the common sense of a hard-headed Lancashire jury that it took them but five minutes to disappoint her hope of achieving a fortune at one fell swoop. Not that anybody can have much sympathy with the defendant in the case. If it were not for the general principles, he would have been deservedly mulcted. However, if his experience teaches him to beware of other people's wives and other people's widows, it will be a valuable lesson acquired cheaply.

There will shortly be a bye-election down Manchester way. On his return from his present tour, Mr. Winston Churchill will take Cabinet rank.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

AWARD No. 442.

For granting the widow of an employee a pension of £1 a year and officially presenting her with a book, entitled "How to Live," containing the advice to "be careful about eating oysters,"

THE LIVERPOOL CITY COUNCIL
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 443.

For stating that "gold to the amount of £973,000 was received on balance by the Bank of England yesterday, of which £1,101,000 came from France, while £237,000 went to America,"

THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 444.

For stating at the Glamorganshire Assizes that "the dead woman sang,"

MR. E. J. GRIFFITHS, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 445.

For stating that Miss Barbara Lapoukine "walked to the hotel on her father's arm,"

THE BERLIN CORRESPONDENT OF THE
MORNING LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 446.

For stating that the King of Spain has been practising at a rifle range in the Edgware Road, and promises well for the pheasants at Sandringham,

THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 447.

For saying that the House of Commons debated for over seven hours to see if a man could not marry the dead sister of his deceased wife,

MR. PETE CURRAN, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 448.

For advertising office scissors "with which any ordinary man is able to cut paper, string, and other things, as well as a woman,"

THE SOLICITORS' LAW STATIONERY SOCIETY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

OUR MODEL LIMERICK COMPETITION.

VOTING CLOSES THIS WEEK.

We have no space for any extended reference to this matter. As will have been gathered from the announcement in our last week's issue, the competition is now closed; all lines received have been published, and the entrance fees will be distributed *pro rata* amongst the competitors in accordance with the votes of our readers. In addition to this, we add 10 per cent. to the entrance fees, which will be divided equally amongst those who vote for such line as *we* consider the best—or, rather, the least stupid—of those sent in.

We repeat on pages 519 and 520 the coupons, one constituting the address which must be cut out and pasted on the front of any postcards containing votes, and the other being a voting coupon, to be sent under cover.

Any reader who may require a further copy of the Supplement to last week's issue containing the lines, may receive one on sending 1½d. in stamps to the publisher.

We regret that, partly owing to defective caligraphy and partly owing to the great pressure under which our printers worked in getting out the Supplement last week, some errors have crept into the lines printed. We have also received from readers complaints that lines sent in have not been published. In all cases which we have been able to verify we have allowed the claims and allotted numbers to the lines. The sixpences in such instances we will add to the fund.

ERRATA.

For	Line	42	read:	For the 'ead 'itter (Editor) still holds the lead
"	"	3354	"	"W "hich "L "eds "H." "B "roach "H "is "F "ery "J "ust "O "rced
"	"	3116	"	"It for Shams a contempt strives to breed."
"	"	319	"	And know JOHN BULL will succeed.
"	"	3677	"	And of "Truth" 'tis a penn'orth indeed.
"	"	3299	"	And continue straight through with all speed.
"	"	3618	"	Which is "Truth," "Light," and "Knowledge" indeed.
"	"	3619	"	Such a journal is "bound" to succeed.
"	"	4085	"	For Bottomley's pockets to feed.
"	"	681	"	"Lord Lyne of Lim'rick" is your Just meed.
"	"	3939	"	Warns "Flats" and "Sharps" an "Open Key" creed.
"	"	1165	"	And cant, lies, and humbug are treed.
"	"	3413	"	Always wishing JOHN BULL will succeed.
"	"	2393	"	With faith in all three we may succeed.
"	"	4876	"	All their wiles, to expose, is his creed.
"	"	3499	"	Then we turn to Bull's-eyes with all speed.
"	"	2279	"	"But Newest Theology now is our Creed."
"	"	994	"	"And all wish our good paper God-speed."
"	"	2610	"	Here's an "Issue" on "Lines" quaint indeed.
"	"	1578	"	"This 'Lim' takes the biscuit indeed."
"	"	3169	"	'Tis a mighty "truth" teller indeed.
"	"	1687	"	Also rogues and vagabonds of breed.
"	"	3763	"	"A" beacon' to warn—'searchlight' to heed."
"	"	112	"	"Yet it sows no discontent seed."
"	"	1702	"	"'Taint Bottomley, but top, 'tis indeed."
"	"	2908	"	"To its Knotty (naughty) lim 'Liners' now 'Speed.'"
"	"	4851	"	"And wish cutting criticism God speed."
"	"	1536	"	"By St. George! that's the day for a feed."
"	"	1659	"	"As we haste to the last with all speed."
"	"	*3158	"	Holding candles to Satan indeed. (And should be numbered *3139.)

ADDITIONAL LINES.

4968—"It toadies to no one, 'tis British indeed."
4969—"And to other folks' ways take great heed."
4970—"And on Jim Crow and Biscuits we feed."
4971—"And detest other's meanness and greed."
4972—"And on Biscuits all of us can feed."
4973—And on "Biscuits" and "Bull's Eyes" do feed.
4974—Makes frauds and impostors take heed.
4975—A good penn'orth, and mayhap worth a fiver—'tis agreed.
4976—"And our 'Liver' and 'Crow' (Jim) are agreed."
4977—Can verily scarce be believed.
4978—"A 'multum in parvo' indeed."
4979—"And the cash by Jim Crow guaranteed."
4980—"Hi! stop, here's a parson who's tree'd."
4981—This "Bull" "Bears" fraud, yet scorns evil deed.
4982—"From its 'text' to a 'tip' on a steed."
4983—"And when we get to the Biscuits we feed."
4984—"That's 'sin' 'stud' and Bottomley's (s)creed."

ALL VOTES MUST REACH US NOT LATER THAN THE FIRST POST, MONDAY, DECEMBER 2nd.

JOHN BULL'S NEWEST THEOLOGY.—IV.

By Enquirer.

SCAPEGOATS—PROPER AND IMPROPER.

No authentic specimen of the scapegoat proper exists in the modern journalist's garden of ideas—zoological garden section.

To be sure, he keeps a sort of scapegoat in his vocabulary, and frequently drags the poor dumb animal out for exercise. But it's the wrong kind of scapegoat altogether.

When you read about someone being made the scapegoat in any trouble, the journalistic meaning is that the unhappy wretch has to *suffer* for the sins of other people. Indeed, the first dictionary I happen to look up gives the meaning, "One who suffers for others' misdeeds."

That is precisely what the scapegoat proper should not do, and, by the Mosaic law (from which the scapegoat simile is drawn), did not do.

Let us examine the ceremonial function in question, as set forth in the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus.

In verse 5 we note that there were selected "two kids of the goats for a sin offering." Lots were then cast upon these two goats (see verse 8), "one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for the scapegoat." In verse 9, the High Priest is instructed to "bring the goat upon which the Lord's lot fell, and offer him for a sin offering." In verse 10 it is laid down, most explicitly, that "the goat, on which the lot fell to be the scapegoat, shall be presented alive . . . to let him go for a scapegoat into the wilderness." To make certain of this scapegoat arriving there in safety, it was commanded (verses 21 and 22) that the High Priest "shall send him away by the hand of a fit man . . . unto a land not inhabited, and he shall let go the goat."

Only one cause can be adduced for the curious misconception that would seem to have arisen in the use of the term "scapegoat." In verses 21 and 22 the function of the live goat is clearly described. The High Priest was to "confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel . . . putting them upon the head of the goat." The goat was then deputed, with exquisitely beautiful symbolism, to "bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited."

Amongst these phrases the original word-snatcher must have jumped to the conclusion that the scapegoat "suffered." If the scapegoat could work up any mental distress over the wickedness of Israel, that would be its limit in the way of suffering. On the other hand, with everybody's public and private iniquities ringing in its ears, the scapegoat might be heartily glad to quit the vile neighbourhood of humanity for ever.

But clearly the scapegoat was not the sufferer, and was never intended to typify suffering; that function belonged to the unlucky other one. The scapegoat was the token of faults forgiven and forgotten. The expiation—and suffering—was as clearly symbolised by the *sacrificial* goat, which should be quoted instead of the scapegoat when the metaphor is intended to signify "one who suffers for the misdeeds of others."

Journalists, as a class, are not alone in misusing this simile (and many others). Clergymen, whose specialty might reasonably be supposed to be knowledge of Scripture, do not often trouble to use their knowledge in correcting erroneous ideas concerning the facts of the Bible. Too many of them are for ever groping after vague winds of doctrine. I cannot help thinking that, if they would occasionally deal with interesting items of actual historic and etymological value, such as this, the study of the Bible would be rendered much more fascinating, and Scriptural simile in the English language would be purified. And surely the grand truths of religion could be set forth in this manner far more vividly and simply than by any amount of doctrinal discussion.

I don't know if Jewish writers would use the term "scapegoat" wrongly. But I never heard of any attempt on the part of any one of them to combat this strange misunderstanding in connection with their own peculiar ritual.

A propos of this complaint, let me foist in the following story. One old lady malaproposed to another thus: "I hear that them Jews make a practice of circumventing all the young male Jews, while they're just tiny tots of babies." To which the other dear old lady replied: "That'll be what makes 'em so sharp in after life. . . . "

It is not permissible in these columns to moralise, within the meaning of the Act. Perhaps, however, I may be allowed to demoralise into a suggestion for putting our new idea regarding scapegoats on a practical working basis for everyday use.

What a delightful vista of a forgiving, forgetting world would open up for us all, if everybody kept a private scapegoat, on the non-suffering principle.

Over its head the troubled wife, for instance, could confess all the iniquities of her delinquent husband. She could even lay all the blame upon the goat without hurting either it or its feelings the least little bit.

"You naughty goat," she might say, "how dared you stay out late last night, or, rather, this morning? No, you needn't bleat about being kept late at the office. I know better, you wicked, prevaricating goat that you are. I can tell the difference between you staying out late at the office and you staying out late (pure and simple) by looking at you once. You nasty, deceitful goat. You have been drinking, too, and drinking too much. Don't bleat 'no' to me. You know you hung one of your boots on the hat-rack and put your hat on the floor along with the other boot. You vile, intoxicated goat. And you were at the theatre. Oh, yes, you were. You needn't shake your head. I can tell you which one it was, too. And you had someone with you, for whom you paid; that was the worst of it. Toss your horns if you like, you naughty goat; you can't deny it. I found two duplicate checks in your pocket, so there! But, still, goat, I'm going to forgive you, to forget all your wickedness, and only remember your good points. You're a dear, nice goat, after all. Go away, now, and be good as long as you can at a stretch."

And the scapegoat skips off accordingly, without suffering, without even a pang of remorse, and cheerfully chews up somebody's washing to keep himself in form.

Then the husband could catch his scapegoat and confess his wife's failings in similar fashion.

"Look here, Nanny, I wish you would hold your confounded nagging tongue when I bring pals about the house. You were a shocking shrew, you know, when Brown was here the other night. You fairly put me off coming home at all when you behave like that. I know Brown's polish isn't much to brag about, but you shouldn't snub him as you did, for he's a decent sort and does me all manner of good turns. And now that we're on the subject of your shortcomings, old girl, you might remember you've exceeded your dress allowance by three hundred per cent. this quarter. It's not that I'm grumbling, but you might at least remark that, and show some appreciation of the fact—and of me, if you can spare enough to go round. If you did, I shouldn't feel like canvassing around for someone to appreciate me. Still, dear old girl, I know I'm a frightful brute at times, so I shan't be too hard on you. Indeed, Nan, now I come to think over it, you're about as good as they make 'em, and I wouldn't swop you though I could. Run away, Nanny, and play; I shan't say another word against you, for I can't."

Now, all these iniquities poured into the goat's ears wouldn't cause it any suffering whatever, and would obviate the necessity of saying nasty things to nice people.

All sorts and conditions of men—and women—should keep scapegoats, and use them. The S.P.C.A. wouldn't say a word, and we should all be so happy.

Who'll give a fair trial to the John Bull scapegoat—the Scapegoat Proper? All speak at once, and say you will!

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—XII.

Below we give an exact reproduction of a letter which a lady reader recently received in answer to an advertisement in the Portsmouth *Evening News*:—

Mile End, Landport.

Dear Madam,—

Seen in the *Evening News* of a Wadow wishes to crospond with a eldry man I ofer my self to you I am a Child off God and I thank God for it but I do not belong to any partey I do not drink nor smoke for I do not think when a man belongs to God he ought to give that up for it belongs to the world not to God if you should think any thing of this you can meat me a the Town Hall on Sunday night after the meating there and if you wish to see me befor put it in the news I have not got any children onley my self my age is 53 years my wife as been dead 4 years I know I would make you hapey I am not a bad temper man and if you meat me I can tell you ware you can go to know all about me (I live as you see in the frist page of this letter) I lodge in Mile End this letter is not a frade it is a true letter and If you aprueve of this letter tel me see in the news so I must close this letter with my best love and God bless you and keep and if I never see you may you be true to God and then you shall ware crown.—I remain your shall I say lover

I. W. H.

"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?"

IMPORTANT ALTERATION IN OUR SCHEME.

Selection, by Ballot, of FIFTY READERS, every week, to each of whom we will pay ONE GUINEA for pushing our Sales.

See page 1.

PRISONERS AT THE BAR.

ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

Arthur James Balfour, you that are the prisoner at the bar, hold up your hand. Do not aggravate your serious position by holding it up in that flabby way, lest I commit you for contempt of Court in addition to your sentence. If you cannot be a man, you can at least try to conduct yourself like a lady. I have had enough nonsense from you, and I intend to stand no more. After an incredibly patient trial you have been unhesitatingly convicted of obtaining credit by false pretences.

Sitting upon the judgment-seat, I am entrusted with the painful duty of sentencing many desperate criminals. But, with the tenderest of hearts and the most emphatic desire to temper justice with mercy, I have never felt less desire to mitigate the full penalty which the law permits. Even the prisoner Rosebery, who has committed many of your misdemeanours, is a white lamb and almost an angel of light compared with you. He is merely decadent, while you are deliberately abnormal.

IRISH RECORD.

I will begin by reciting some of your previous convictions. During your tenure of the Irish Chief Secretaryship you were found guilty very many times of violating the Constitution, of confining and maltreating innocent persons in your gaols, and of being accessory to the butchery of patriotic peasants by a brutal soldiery. The name of Mitchelstown will never be erased from the memory of the Irish race. I only regret that you did not come before me on that occasion.

PARLIAMENTARY PERFIDY.

Your first parliamentary success was due to the patronage of Lord Randolph Churchill. You served him without courage or conviction, but you reaped the rewards of his genius. Then, in lieu of gratitude, you connived at his overthrow; you were convicted of desertion and treachery. And when you had pulled down your benefactor, you took care that he should not rise again. In all the history of political intrigue, I know no worse case than your trickery when Lord Randolph was invited to succeed Mr. Bright as Member for Birmingham. Even Judas could not have been more plausible than you with your oily regrets that your old master had "absolutely declined" to stand. Well, you have had your thirty pieces of silver many times over, but you have not yet bought your Aceldama.

THE MANCHESTER CONVICTION.

The night is closing in, and I have no time or inclination to enumerate all your convictions. So I will merely allude to the last, which took place at Manchester in 1906. The jury were your own constituents, and they gave their verdict with no uncertain voice. In spite of the high office which you had usurped, in spite of all the glamour which clings to the shadow of a premiership, in spite of all those feminine charms which you are popularly supposed to possess, you were flung aside like an old shoe. Your only remaining approach to the House of Commons lay through the favour of hook-nosed persons in the City.

And now you are beginning to be found out even by your own party. It is only because they number so few men of strength or ability within their ranks that they have tolerated your leadership so long. They have laughed at you when you announced that you meant to lead, they have whispered against you and deplored your impotence; but hitherto they could find no man to take your place. Evidently they possess no sense of duty and no sense of proportion.

AGGRAVATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

You now stand convicted of having obtained credit by false pretences. By a masterpiece of nepotism, you were pushed forward to the front rank by the late Lord Salisbury. If he was described as a lath painted to look like iron, I wonder what would be an appropriate designation for you. How you can ever have succeeded in taking in even the simplest fool must always remain an inscrutable problem. This much, therefore, I am ready to admit in extenuation of your crimes, that you could never have succeeded in obtaining even ephemeral credit as a politician but for the complaisant imbecility of your followers.

But that does not excuse your persistent chicanery. In this country we are accustomed to straightforwardness in our public men. We expect a plain answer to a plain question. But I defy the shrewdest psychologist to determine from your public utterances whether you are a Protectionist or a Free Trader. You are the champion quibbler of the age, and it seems quite impossible to pin you down to any opinion whatever. Even when you make a declaration which, in any other mouth, would be regarded as definite, even when you give in your adhesion to a resolution drawn up by a Protectionist, we are not a whit more advanced. We know only too well from past experience that, whatever you may say or whatever you may promise, you will find an opportunity of wriggling out of it by some subtle interpretation. I do not believe that the language contains any formula or arrangement of words capable of binding you. I may sum up your conduct by saying that it is not cricket. It may be golf, for all I know, but I am not acquainted with that travesty of a game.

SENTENCE.

Not to prolong this painful business too far, I will content myself with expressing my horror and indignation that so un-English a person as yourself should have been so long permitted to preside over the destinies of a great English party. This disgrace must be ended, and the sentence of the Court is, and the Court doth award, that you be strictly confined to some remote part of the kingdom of Scotland, there to be instructed by elders of the Kirk for the better settlement of your convictions and the resolving of your philosophic doubts.

SHAMS.

THE POOR CHILDREN'S SOCIETY.

We can imagine few things more likely to appeal to the charitable than a society having for its object free meals and free holidays for destitute children, but if a society having this object is to deserve public support it must show that it is properly managed, and that the moneys collected are applied to the purposes for which the institution is supposed to exist. An examination of the very meagre figures given by the Poor Children's Society leads to the conclusion that very little of the money collected by it goes to benefit poor children. We have before us a statement which purports to give the receipts and expenditure from April 1, 1904, to March 31, 1905, and we understand that this is the latest account that has been issued. Now, what does it show? The total receipts, including a balance of £20 17s. 6d. from the last audit, amounted to £3,740 6s. 3d., and the total expenditure to £3,700. Of this sum £647 1s. 9d. represented the cost of collecting boxes, collectors' wages, and travelling; while "printing, postage, stationery, appeals, and advertising" took up £728 7s. 8d. Salaries, wages, etc., came to £537 1s. 7d. It would be safe to say that the direct expenditure on the professed objects of the Society amounted to less than one-fourth of the total expenditure.

The Society was founded, and it is carried on by one George H. Breton, who is an ex-sorter in the General Post Office, with a pension of 20s. per week. He employs collectors in the streets, and has, according to his own account, over 10,999 collecting boxes distributed in restaurants and bars in London and the country. He has even established a branch office in the country to supervise collectors in the North and West of England. In addition to his pension from the G.P.O., Mr. Breton takes from the Mission, which is carried on at the Shaftesbury Mission Hall, Trinity Street, Borough, and at Southend, a salary of £120 per annum, with a house practically rent free, and food. Similarly, many members of the staff of the Society, consisting of clerks, visitors, and collectors, receive their board at its expense, and several of them live on the premises. There are also six women employed as clearers of the boxes in public houses and elsewhere, who receive 18s. a week, with travelling expenses, and are authorised to take their expenses out of the money cleared from the boxes—a very objectionable system.

We have said enough for the moment to show that this Society, on the face of it, is not worthy of public support. The bulk of the amounts collected do not benefit the children in whose names they are got, and the public will be well advised not to put money into the collecting boxes unless and until there has been a reorganisation which will put the Mission under the control of independent and responsible people, who have no personal objects to serve in running it.

Gout and Rheumatism.

A ROYAL REMEDY—Expensive, but effective, and therefore cheapest in the end, **CARLSBAD ANTI-GOUT AND RHEUMATIC SPECIFIC.**

Sample bottle 6/6, and particulars can now be had from—

THE CARLSBAD SYNDICATE,
69, EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON, W.

COMMONWEALTH AND STATE.

By Ben-Tillett.

There is a real shindy going on between the States Parliament and the Federal Governments. Tariff, and all the make-believe of it, seem to absorb the attention of everyone, and in the meantime the price of food is increased 20 per cent. to 50 per cent., without giving a cent by way of customs duty to the Commonwealth. The State secret leaked out, and all the monopolies, as is their wont, promptly and coolly declared their bond and pocketed hundreds of thousands of pounds, especially in the tobacco trade.

The cost of living has roughly advanced five shillings in the pound, and every commodity of daily use, although no cent additional has been paid to the coffers of the Commonwealth, is yet enhanced, without any reference to wages. It is equivalent to a reduction of 25 per cent. in wages, a condition the whole of the working folk of Australia would resent, were it to be taken off wages direct. But most of them hail the tariff with glee. They have a right to call the tune; they certainly pay the piper. Protection means an Eldorado for the manufacturers, but the wages are not advanced a cent, and in some things of wearing apparel the cost is double that of the old country. What is an outrage on common sense is that articles impossible of being produced in the Colonies are taxed, so as to be unpurchasable by the average worker.

Colonial Pauperism.

There are no Poor Laws here; not that they are blessings in the old land; but here the out-of-work literally starves, and poverty is made acute. The people die out, and statesmen glibly talk of there being no poor in Australasia as compared with the United Kingdom. I venture to say that if Poor Laws of our own type existed in the wealthiest of the Colonies, N.S.W., pauperism would equal in proportion of population that of our own. The poor have a better chance, in actual want, at home, than they have here, in the alleged "God's Country," while the Old Age Pension scheme yields less by half to the recipient than our own outrage of the Poor Law. The Premier of N.S.W. has been soundly thrashed by the Labour vote, the Labour Party, being in opposition, now having increased their numbers at the last election, when the usual powers were against them. Here are the "Thieves' Kitchen," Brewers and Temperance parties, the Press of all grades, manufacturers, squatters, store-keepers, tradespeople, religious sects of all denominations, and about the worst type of political "gutter-snipe." But the party increased their vote and standing. There is a vigorous movement growing for secession, the latest complaint being the Federal members putting £200 a year on their salaries. Like other politicians, they are temporisers when it comes to urgent legislation, under conditions of their election promises; but in the immediate matters of personal interest, no wit as nimble, no movement so alert as they display, and without asking the permission of the electors.

State Corruption.

Carruthers, with the instinct of a fox, collared some wire netting from the Customs' control, in order to curry favour with the farmers (the "cockies")—a breach of constitutional law, more Sikes than Sike. But there is an American cheerfulness of corruption, Federal and State, and Carruthers may repeat the piracy, the State judges' shuffle being as ludicrous as comic opera. There is also promising a real fight over the matter of Wages Boards, on the line of the Victorian Boards. The judge elected to the position of real Arbiter is keenly anxious to support the theory of "subsistence wage," aided by lawyers who prolong the business and increase their fees, out of all proportion to their knowledge of the matters to be discussed, or their interest in a settlement. Days, weeks, and thousands of pounds are wasted, the mountain being in labour for the mouse, lawyers become rich on fat fees, and, what is irony of all ironies, put up as Labour candidates.

Surely there is no country in the world where parochialism and bumbledom reign so supremely. The Carruthers type of man takes by force goods from the customs, and he is lauded by every land-grabber in the Colony; he goes to the country with a manner of "Oh, what a good boy am I!" and is described as a heaven-born leader of man, poor Napoleon even being called in by way of comparison; his bones would squirm, did they but know.

The newspapers have cheated the railways, it being found out they have backed up the ministry, the ministry will wink at the business, and then there will be a resumption of the mimic warfare; the papers, being owned by the squatters and the merchants, will therefore make a daily wail as to the downfall of Australasia, under the heel of the Labour-Socialist party.

Absence of Socialism.

The party is as innocent of Socialism as a sucking babe, not half a dozen of the Labour members have ever given serious thought to Socialism, and not a single Socialistic speech was delivered in the whole of the campaign, excepting in the case of a Socialist named Holland. Immediately after the election, Leader Watson, of the Federal Parliament, declared against Socialism, and called himself an Evolutionist (whatever that means), an Economic Evolutionist. Ye Gods! We shall soon be talking of economic-evolutionary murderers, evolutionary politicians; yet, in the matter of wage increases, Watson was a revolutionary, with the object of a £200 a year increase. Lawyer Fitzgerald is doing his best to get the Colonies to adopt some rational policy of local government, the present chaos being a disgrace to Australia. There is not even a slum-area in England but what would revolt against the incapacity which is the standing feature of local government here.

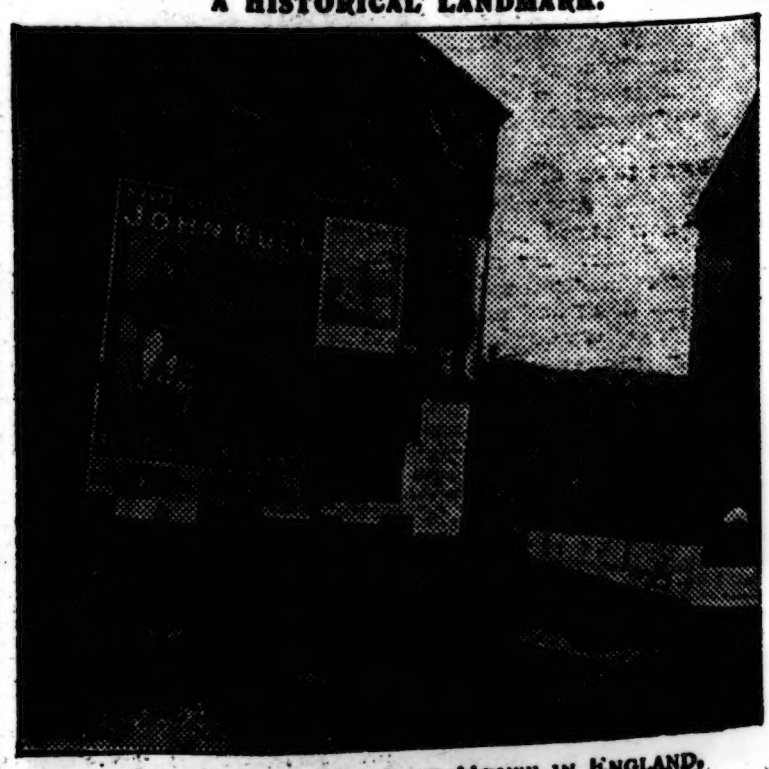
In the campaign, blackguardism came from the plutocratic party, the Labour folk showing decided dignity and fairness in discussion. In fact the amenities of political life were rigorously upheld in opposition to the vulgarity of the so-called educated gentlemen. The Gilbertian side of it was manifest by the fact that fussy lady politicians took the side of temperance, and voted with the Liberals, the head of whom is a large shareholder in brewery companies, which the brewers, tongue in cheek, never resented, well knowing the guile of the religious-cum-temperance leader.

Sabbatarian Cant.

Politics have their humours in the old country, but here they are a screaming farce, except from the more serious and intelligent of the Labour members, who worry along like McGowen, their leader. Sabbatarianism, cant, and flunkyism are the trinity of political virtues with the handmaid of temperance, prattling the usual piffle, the stone instead of the bread of reform. The whole of the country was in tumult for federation; now the time will be spent in undoing federation, and if undone again, the time will be cheerfully occupied with getting it back; but the Parliamentarians will be busy with their mouths all the time—nothing attempted, nothing done, and done in the most masterful fashion, the while urgent and vital issues are ignored.

This is not God's country. First of all, there are too many Parliaments; then there are too many Members, too many Governors, too many Supreme Courts. Seven Governors and one Governor-General, seven Supreme Courts, and one on top of that, sixteen Parliaments, and little more than four millions of People. Australia grows more than mutton. Tut-tut!

A HISTORICAL LANDMARK.



Land's End—The Last House in England.

SAMUDA'S SECOND GRAND LIMERICK

JUDGES: Mr. H. GREENWOOD SMITH, *Editor "Strand Magazine."*
Mr. ARTHUR LAWRENCE, *Late Editor of the "Idler."*
Mr. MOSTYN T. PIGOTT, *of the "World."*

FIRST PRIZE

A FREEHOLD COUNTRY HOUSE FURNISHED BY WARINGS, WITH PONY AND TRAP, AND £2 PER WEEK GUARANTEED FOR LIFE.

Second Prize, £50; Third £25; Fourth £10; Fifth £5; 46 Prizes of £1 1s.

ANOTHER GREAT PRIZE.

In response to the wish of a large number of Competitors in our first Limerick, we have decided to commence a second great Limerick Competition, under the same fair conditions as governed our last. We now offer as a first prize the most attractive reward ever offered for public competition. What is the ambition of most people? A freehold country house with an income to keep it up! That is our first prize! The winner of Samuda's second *Limerick* Competition will be the proud possessor of a pretty house in the country, every brick of which will be his own, and in addition a guaranteed income of £2 per week for life, which will enable him to live in it.

A HOUSE COMPLETE (FURNISHED BY WARINGS).

By a house, Mr. Samuda does not mean a bare, empty house. It will be a pretty, well-kept, country villa, standing in its own grounds. The interior will be decorated and artistically furnished throughout by Messrs. Waring—kitchen, hall, dining, drawing-room, and bedrooms, with everything conducive to home comfort. Table linen, crockery, household utensils, bed-linen, draperies—all are included. The house contains every modern improvement, including bathroom, hot and cold water, electric light, etc. All you have to do is to win the prize, and the house will be ready for you to live in complete in every particular. And not only that—in the grounds the winner will find stable and coach-house; inside the stable a smart little pony, and inside the coach-house a neat little trap with harness complete, just ready to drive himself or herself and friends about the surrounding country. As all this would be of little service without an income, Mr. Samuda completes this desirable prize with the addition of a comfortable income of £2 per week for life, the payment of which will be guaranteed by a well-known Insurance Company.

A PRIZE WORTH WINNING.

This is certainly a prize worth straining every nerve to win. Some people may be better off, but the winner would always be well-to-do, supplied with home comforts, everything to make life prosperous and happy. Should you be thinking of getting married, the difficulty of saving and waiting is at once removed. If you are a worker in a crowded town or city, you can exchange your lot for ease and comfort in the country.... If you are middle-aged and have earned a title to retirement by a lifetime of work, this prize means an easy evening of life in restful and peaceful surroundings. A nice country house, comfortable home, pony and trap to drive you about, and a regular weekly income, sufficient to support yourself and family for the rest of your life. Can anything be better or more complete? It should be remembered that the pension of £2 per week for life is a full £2 per week for necessities! A clear income, because you will be living rent free all the time.

THE OBJECT.

Mr. Samuda is the manufacturer of the well-known "AVOCA" Cigars, Cigarettes, etc., and for many years he has been determined to produce a high-grade quality non-injurious Virginia Cigarette at a popular price, to meet the requirements of the million. After extensive experiments the "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes were placed on the market, and the only difficulty was to find a method of quickly and inexpensively bringing them before the notice of the public. Mr. Samuda therefore decided to establish a Limerick Competition, feeling confident that every customer buying a sample hundred or so would in future be a regular smoker of the "Traylee" Cigarettes.

CONDITIONS.

The conditions are simple. Below we print a Limerick. All you have to do is to cut out the form and fill in the last line of the Limerick, sending same to us with your order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes, together with postal order for 2s. 6d. and 2d. for postage (2s. 8d. in all).

A FINAL WORD.

Most men smoke Cigarettes, and most men pay at least 2s. 6d. per 100, and as the "Traylee" Cigarette is certainly superior in quality to any other sold at this price, each Competitor gets full value for money, and his chance to win this huge prize or one of the 50 cash consolation prizes does not cost him a single penny. Every smoker therefore should try, as a matter of course, for it costs him nothing. Those who do not smoke should also try, and give the Cigarettes to some friend as a Xmas Gift.

THE JUDGES—ABSOLUTE FAIRNESS GUARANTEED.

As this is a Special Competition and not a weekly one, every attempt submitted will be classified by a competent staff, and the winning lines carefully selected by a committee of three well-known literary men having no connection with Messrs. Samuda's.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

1. Every solution sent in will be carefully classified and judged entirely on its merits. As it is impossible to do this in the short space of one week, Competitors are requested to send in their last lines at the earliest possible date.
2. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the *Westminster Gazette* on January 10th, 1908.
3. Cheques will be sent to prize-winners within a week of the result being made public.
4. The winner's weekly income will commence from the date the competition closes, and cheques will be posted on the first of each month afterwards. The title-deeds to the house will be immediately handed over to the prize-winner.
5. No member of the firm, employee, or friend of any member or employee, is eligible to compete.
6. Any number of last lines may be sent, but for each one a further 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased, and the price thereof, including postage, 2s. 8d., included.
7. Competitors wishing to have the results specially posted to them must enclose an additional penny stamp when sending in their order.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND FILL UP CAREFULLY.

ENTRY COUPON

(X JOHN BULL.)

Address Envelope— ....., 1907.

The Limerick Committee,
c.o. J. SAMUDA & Co.,
84, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,—Kindly send post paid a box of 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes, for which I enclose P.O. 2/6, and 2d. for postage.

If from any cause you do not execute this order you are at liberty to return my money, and by so doing I entirely waive my right to be considered a competitor.

Full Name ..... (Please
Postal Address ..... write
Town ..... County ..... clearly.)

Here is an unfinished Limerick, to which the last line should be added:—

There's a Cigarette commencing with "T."
Its full name is Irish, "Traylee,"
It's Samuda's, the best,
Of fine leaf from the West

.....

I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the Competition on that distinct understanding.

If more than one last line is sent, write same, with name and address, on a separate sheet of plain paper and pin to the entry form. Only one attempt must be written on each sheet, and for each last line sent in 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased at 2/6, including postage. Additional entry coupons will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

F.E.P.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

"Drink in the Halls."

As I write, it is not certain whether the teetotal bigots will have terrified the general body of the L.C.C. into reversing the new and enlightened policy of the Licensing Committee. On nine and three-quarter points of law I am a strong Progressive in local affairs; but I differ entirely, and have always differed, and always shall differ, from that small, but noisy, section of pro-Puritans in the London Progressive camp who have succeeded in tarring the whole party with the kill-joy brush. They are not a great army *with* banners, but a very small army *of* banners. By dint of much flag-wagging and a very few empty oil-cans, a pretence of volume and power has been produced; and the nerves of many Progressive candidates shaken by the empty threats of the snufflers. They, with their petty interferences in the people's pleasures, and their refusal to allow the liberal development of the parks and the steamboat service on civilised lines, did more than the Socialist bogey to put the Moderates in office again. If London Progressive organisation does not shake itself free of the Stiggins gang and rely on the intelligent support of all lovers of real progress and personal freedom, the Moderates will retain office for many years. I do not think Little Bethel will get its way with the present L.C.C. on the drink question; I am sure it will get its way with no future Council.

Those Wicked Refreshments.

Formerly most of the music-halls depended on the "wet money," as it was called—the money taken at the bars for drinks and smokes. Now the "dry money"—the money taken at the doors—is what counts most. Of course, the wet money matters; often it means a dividend where otherwise there would be no profit at all on a house, and it would be shut up, many persons deprived of innocent pleasure, and many others of their means of livelihood—and only Stiggins wants that. On the other hand, no hall nowadays could keep open purely as a drinking-den and a disguised house of ill-fame, which is what some of the old halls were in living memory. Collins' and the Canterbury—which are this week celebrating their anniversaries, the latter its fifty-fifth annual—are among the oldest London halls. They were always well-conducted from the first, and always they have been supported mainly by working people. At both halls the restrictions on the sale of drink are less than at most of the halls. Yet in the past ten years I have never seen a drunken man at either hall, and I have been to them frequently. The tone of the people has improved; they are not teetotalers to-day any more than their fathers were, but they drink less, and lighter stuff; and their wives and children go with them to the halls. They have learnt greater self-respect and self-control, and that is why they resent more hotly than their progenitors the smug moral policemanship of the McDougalls and the Benns and the other oily teetotal Philistines of the Progressive party.

The Grab Crusade.

The present crusade against the new policy of liberalism towards the halls, proposed by the Licensing Committee, has been waged without the active aid of Mr. W. T. Stead. That saintly man is too busy engaged writing giant puffs of Brazil, in the thin guise of reports on the Hague Conference, for his *Review of Reviews*—which I hope will prove as remunerative as his efforts to popularise teetotal wine a couple of years ago. However, all the rest of the usual lot were out; and the *Daily News* and Mr. Charles Pinhorn (whose name I beg you like) led them on. The general public agreed with the Licensing Committee, and, as is the way of the English, it did not trouble to say so. At the call of the *News* every little tabernacle sent up petitions and manifestos, and members of the Council were deluged with letters suggesting, beseeching, or threatening. The microscopic forces of London teetotalism did their best, and the hardly more significant regiment of militant Nonconformist teetotalers backed them up bravely. But I hope 'twas all in vain. If London were polled direct on the clear issue: "Should a man who wishes to spend his evening at a music-hall be allowed to buy a drink or not?" the affirmative would be declared by a hundred to one majority. Londoners like to enjoy themselves in their own simple way; the idea has got abroad that the London Progressives were against this, and (with the wisdom of the serpent) the Moderates are encouraging the idea. Meanwhile, "the London Temperance Council, a body representing all classes of religious opinion," is giving the Moderates no end of chances. It behoves the Radical clubs of London to express their approval of the new licensing policy; whatever the measure of its immediate success, and promoted by Tories though it be, it is the true line of Radicalism, which stands as strongly for liberty as it hits hard at humbug.

Pinhorn's Policy.

Mr. Pinhorn and his friends do not disguise what they are after; the end of their desire is prohibition. "A memorial on the subject presented to the Council in 1905," he says, "still holds good." What was this memorial? Not that we should preserve the *status quo*, but that we should go back. It asked the Council "to extend its policy of drink restriction to other music-halls. It was signed by the Bishops of London, Southwark, Stepney, and Kensington, by 164 other clergymen, by 196 Free Church ministers." A bishop may get half seas over at the Athenæum, but the ordinary man may not have a whisky-and-soda at the Hippodrome—that's the beauty of it. Besides, if we spend our time happily at the Dream City, looking at the more or less silvery Thames off Battersea, we can't spend it miserably at the kirk; and if we bang our saxpences at the Coliseum the poor unclad natives of Titipu may never have the burial service read to them when they want to get married.

In Search of Plays.

My suggestion that some London manager should run a play competition seems to have created a good deal of interest in managerial quarters, and I shall return to the subject at a later date. Meanwhile, I note with some amusement that the French, German and American drama, judged by critics in each of these countries, is no better or more plentiful than it should be. Mr. Daniel Frohman—not Charles, be it noted—avers that the American drama, "more than ever before, is in a position of absolute jeopardy. Speculative theatre-building, instead of having run its limit, is increasing. On the other hand, there is a most limited supply of good dramas." It would be rude to suggest that, now Richard Mansfield is dead and Nat Goodwin out of the business, there are no American managers capable of telling a good drama when they see one, but it is nearly true. That there are few good dramatists in America, and not a single great one, even sane Americans admit. But the reason is not what Mr. Dan Frohman thinks. "The absence of good plays," he says, "is not hard to explain. There are not enough writers of intellectual and technical equipment to compete with the theatres that are constantly needing material for entertainment. If there were fewer theatres there would be a correspondingly greater discrimination by managers in the selection of plays. There would also be a greater stimulus by writers to create better plays." Nonsense!

The American Dramatist and the London Manager.

America is the best market in the world for short stories and occasional verse, and she has produced a dozen good short story-writers and a hundred able verse-writers for every dramatist. Why should a lessening of demand for plays improve the quality of plays in America? In England the opposite has been the effect. The facts of the matter are these: The best literary brains in America, even more than here, have boycotted the theatre, because they knew that neither the public nor the managers had any use for them, the popular theatre in all lands except France being dependent on people who resent brains in their amusements—I am not including Germany, where theatre-going is a sort of mental hard labour. Again, in America everything and everybody must have "snap," and this quality, as Americans think it, is incompatible with fine artistic work in any department of life, most of all in real literature and genuine full-size drama. The best American plays are only padded curtain-raisers—diverting enough in places, but without continuous interest or permanent value. If it be true that a nation has the laws and the rulers that it deserves—and America certainly has—still more true is it that a nation has the drama (and the theatre managers) that it deserves. Those of London, for the most part—their superior critics despite—are rather in front of than behind their patrons in their views of what is and what is not good drama; and the drama's laws the drama's patrons give.

P.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. F. (Hackney.)—One can't be dogmatic about the racial origin of actors and actresses, but I've written you my impressions as to the gentlemen and lady you name. It's a wise child that knows its own father, and a wise adult who is quite sure of his own nationality.

"Albacore" (London, E.C.).—I have heard similar reports to yours as to the group of papers mentioned, but I can do nothing unless I am assured of your *bona-fides*—if then. Send address as a guarantee. I note your suggestion as to the dishonesty of certain theatre-managers. I am disinclined to saddle them with the responsibility, however, for using stolen songs, &c., on an anonymous complaint. I know one case in which a manager was let in badly by rascally subordinates, who were masters in the art of "passing-off." No one was more surprised than he at the tricks played by these latter on persons who thought they were submitting ideas to *him*.

Sir Thomas Dewar:

"The volumes are full of information, and I feel sure that before long they will be found to be a necessity in every commercial house."

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Is absolutely necessary to every man interested in business, whether as employer or employé. It will teach you how to keep your books; how to audit your accounts; how to husband your capital; how to manage your correspondence; how to collect your debts; how to avoid bad debts; how to increase your financial credit; how to advertise; how to force new business; how to check waste and loss; how to increase profits; how to understand the money article in the daily papers; how to find out the best investment for unused sums, great or small. Everything the "Business Encyclopædia" tells you about business is "GOOD BUSINESS," because in these seven volumes the men who are at the top of the tree in the business world, men who have made the businesses they represent here place at the disposal of practical men the account of the methods by means of which they succeeded.

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The men who write in the "Business Encyclopædia" are not mere figureheads of the businesses they stand for; they are the men who have built up these concerns into the gigantic successes they are to-day. They do not treat the subjects with which they deal from the employer's point of view only; the ambitious employé will find here the information he cannot afford to be without. Do not waste time and energy trying to solve Business Problems which other men have solved for you.

A CLERK'S OPINION.

Mr. G. W. Read, Clerk, Fortnam Road, London, N.: "I never made a more gratifying purchase. I regard the 'Business Encyclopædia' as a most profitable investment, and I very much regret that such a work did not come my way earlier in life."

A TRADESMAN'S OPINION.

Messrs. W. Millwood & Son, Drapery and Grocery Stores, Swanage: "There is no doubt that the 'Business Encyclopædia' is the best work of its class yet produced. Every item in it is most valuable, and it is arranged in the simplest possible manner. No business man can afford to be without it in these days of keen competition."

A FREE BOOK.

We have prepared a handsomely illustrated Book, "THE PRACTICAL BOOK," which will be sent to you free of charge, and which will show you how necessary the "BUSINESS Encyclopædia" is to YOUR success. It points out the danger to business men of their falling into a rut, and how to avoid this danger. It includes valuable specimen plates embodying J. Holt Schooling's comparative calculations as to the trade statistics of this and other countries, also facsimiles of useful business documents. And it will also tell you how to obtain the "BUSINESS Encyclopædia" for a first payment of 1/6 only, the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

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J. 2911.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Arthur Antwis Hopkins, Esq., Metropolitan Magistrate.

Sir,—I have read the account of the trial of Edward Colegate and James Lyng at your Court, and I cannot congratulate you on your generosity. They had committed the terrible crime of singing a song in the streets and trying to earn a few coppers for their starving families by selling copies of the words. Inquiries showed that they were genuine working men, who had been searching all over London for work during about nine weeks without success. One of them had seven children, and the other had four. When they said that they thought it their duty to try to take a few coppers home, you asked with a sneer, "Other people's coppers?" This seems to me a silly remark, for if they had had coppers of their own, it would have been unnecessary for them to try to sell their songs. Moreover, when coppers had been transferred to their possession, they would have become theirs just as much as if they had obtained them by selling soap or breaking stones. I quite admit that there are worthless people who loaf about and beg under pretence of selling some worthless article, but you might have remembered that these men were genuinely desirous of obtaining honest work. You further went on to taunt them with the degradation of begging, and when, after you had come to the end of your insults, you were at last obliged to discharge them, you told them that they might "go with their degradation upon them." One does not expect to find any great display of humanity in a police-court, but I think the line ought to be drawn at callous and offensive remarks, such as those which you permitted yourself to use. I regret that an English magistrate should have so far forgotten himself and the dignity of his position.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Cromer.

My Lord,—I had the honour of listening to your speech at the Unionist Free Trade Club the other night, and though I cannot conscientiously say that you are much of an orator, I must congratulate you upon your courage. You will probably be snarled at by a section of your Party, and the "Imperialists" will desist from the fulsome adulation which they have hitherto lavished upon your career. You will, however, be remembered as a sane and practical Imperialist, very different from the noisy windbags who sit safely at home and egg on other people to fight. Your decided stand will go far to encourage many waverers, and your arguments will persuade more people than they would have done if uttered by some more pronounced partisan. Now that you have attained to a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, I trust that you will persevere in the path of politics, where courage and common sense are sadly lacking.

JOHN BULL.

To our Limerick Competitors.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have the honour to wish you good morning, and shall soon have the pleasure of wishing you good evening, thank heaven. Then, no more limericks of any sort, shape, or size, style, quality, or finish, will appear in JOHN BULL; not if I know it.

My dear friends, you have all but made me wild with terror and mad with disappointment. Taking you all round, one with another, I am shocked at you. Before I started this limerick business as a blessed public philanthropy, I had no idea there was such a dearth of poetry in the land. I was under the impression that, just as in New York, you cannot throw a stone without hitting an Irishman, so in England you could not throw a brick without hitting a poet. I am mistaken. I apologise to my country. I now know why even the Laureateship had to go to the only Austin. The poets, like the saints, are all dead.

For the moment I make no comparisons. I have to choose the line I think best out of a shocking bad lot. Ladies and gentlemen, forgive me, but I am sorry I promised to do any such thing. To judge such a list of last lines is almost to invite mental paralysis. But courage is the fear of being thought a coward, and I shall not falter at the post of duty. I will choose, even if I have to choose blindfolded, and may I be hanged, drawn, and quartered if ever on this earth I make such an offer again.

I drop these few lines, ladies and gentlemen, because I thought you might like to know my opinion of you. You are villains and villainesses of the deepest dye, and may heaven have mercy on you.

JOHN BULL.

To Giddy Undergraduate, Esq., The University, Cambridge.

Sir,—Will you be kind enough to inform me on what authority, human or divine, you base your title to make yourself a more conspicuous ass and a more intolerable nuisance than any other species of two-legged vertebrata? I ask this question because you appear to think that Pa sends you to the University to play the giddy goat instead of absorbing the nobler and the vaster knowledge. Your latest freak is to go around the town smashing things for no sane reason whatever. I also see that when my young friend Alfonso came your way you not only threw lumps of sugar at his crowned head, but that several of you stole a sign from a local omnibus, fixed it on the side of his Majesty's car, and rode on the footboard rejoicing. Sir, I admit that life holds a vast deal of fun if you know where to find it. But let me tell you that gentlemen don't find it in the eccentricities of the lunatic, and that what is not excused in the hooligan of Camden Town is not to be palliated in the hooligan of a University.

The other day one of your Oxford contemporaries was rusticated, and on this occasion the event was celebrated by a mock funeral procession starting from Balliol and traversing the principal streets. Fourteen cabs constituted the solemn cortège, which was preceded by a band playing either the "Dead March in *Saul*" or "Now you've gone home, Bill Bailey"; I am not sure which. Of course I may be wrong; but funeral cortèges of this character do not appear to me to come officially within the four corners of a University curriculum. They do not mark out a royal or any other road to learning.

Not for a moment do I suppose that these revolutionary views of mine will meet with your august approval. I have been in the world rather longer than you have, however, and, taking leave to express my opinions to you as a loving parent to his child, I should like to add that, if I were your father, or the father of your confrères, I should find you a job at which you would have to play less and learn more. Universities turn out more fools than the world has room for, and again, supposing I were your father, as aforesaid, I could not conscientiously retain you amid temptations and surroundings which tended to increase the number. Now get to your studies.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. J. H. Taylor, Isle Abbotts, Somersetshire.

Rev. Sir,—When I heard of your eccentricities some few week ago I dropped you a sympathetic post-card on your assurance that they were due to personal and domestic misfortunes. I now find that you have contracted habits of reckless insobriety; that you have sometimes crawled into your dwelling-place on your hands and knees, and that when you read, "I commit these persons," who had come to be married, "to the ground—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and then broke off into "I baptise these people with holy water" and put the bride's ring in your mouth, you were indubitably drunk. There may not be much difference between getting married and getting buried, but your excursion into the baptismal service was undoubtedly premature.

You have admitted this gross and scandalous indecorum within and without the sacred edifice of which you were in charge. You have disgraced your name, you have dishonoured your cloth, you have scandalised your Church, you have wronged your parishioners, and you have betrayed your trust. It is urged in mitigation that you got drunk to assuage physical pain. It is not for me to say whether or how far that would be a legitimate reason, or a valid excuse, or a charitable palliation in a layman. But of this I am sure: Your offences unfit you for the performance of those duties which you undertook to perform, and until such time as you become less ill or more sober you must not be permitted to perform them: Never again preach to others till you have mastered yourself. Go away now, and do not let me hear of you again until you have become a man.

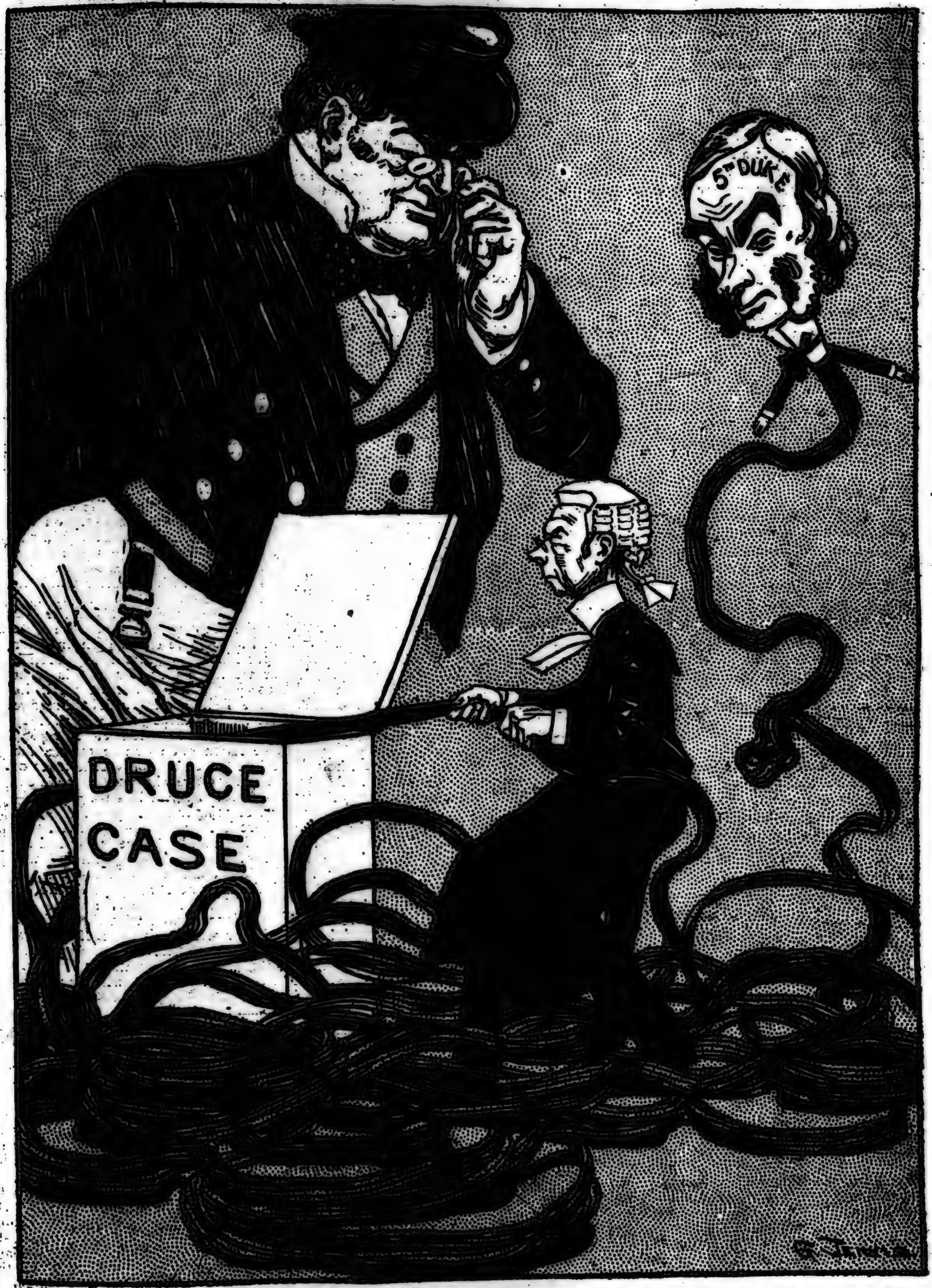
JOHN BULL.

To Thomas Tit-tit-tit, Esq., Ratcatcher, H.M. Post Office.

Poor Pussy,—You, at any rate, have no cause to bless the Hobhouse Commission. Money must be saved, and as I have no evidence of your taking any part in defence of your rights and privileges, naturally you must expect to suffer. Economy is the order of the day, and you find yourself put on half-pay, although not yet arrived at the age limit. The desecrating hand of the spoiler has snatched away at one fell swoop one-half of your retaining fee, and your emoluments are cut down from eighteenpence per week to the nimble ninepence! Well, £3 18s. per annum for milk and skewered beef is rather high, and you have only yourself to blame. You should have joined the union, my boy. Of course, considered nationally, the reduction may be a blessing in disguise, and you may be induced to take it out of the rats and mice. Why not lay your grievance before Mr. Friday, the representative of the Tariff Reform League at the G.P.O.? Tell him you are a British industry which is "going," and all that. And when Sidney tries to smooth you over, remind him of the meaning of the clause by coming up to the scratch.

JOHN BULL.

THE NEVER-ENDING DRUCE GOLLIWOG.



JOHN BULL: "When you opened that case, Avory, I never thought it would be anything so long as this."

IN THE CITY.

THE ALLSOPP CRISIS.

Up to time of going to press we are without any reply to the questions we addressed to the directors in our last issue. We understand that up to the present the date of the meeting has not been fixed, owing to continued delay in the completion of the audit, and that all is confusion at headquarters—the greatest dissatisfaction prevailing in all departments of the staff. Men who have been in the service of the company for twenty years and upwards are being dismissed and then taken back at half their regular salaries; whilst those in high office continue to feather their nests, Mr. Frater Taylor being particularly unpopular. Rather more than two years ago he was sent to the Glasgow agency, and, after eighteen months, sent on to the London office and thence to Burton, where he has now joined hands with Mr. Sinclair.

We again invite the directors to reply to our questions.

Meantime we append a few more:—

(14) Does Mr. Remnant (in addition to his remuneration as chairman) draw a salary for his services in connection with the following properties, in which Allsopps are largely interested financially, and of which they have the absolute management, viz.:—Royal Hotel, Cardiff; Imperial and Grand Hotels, Bournemouth; Salisbury Hotel, Boscombe; Birmingham Hotels and Restaurants; Kursaal, Southend; and Manchester Hotels, London?

(15) What qualification does he hold for such a position as chairman, or to even justify his retention on the Board as an ordinary Director?

(16) What were the circumstances under which properties in London have been acquired during the past 18 months? Is it the case that serious losses are already being incurred thereby?

(17) Is there at present on the Board a Director, or on the Staff an Official of practical experience, who is competent to manage the affairs of the Company?

(18) Is it the case that some of the best officers in the management who have been connected with the Company in the past have been displaced (a few superannuated and others given honorariums) in order to find positions for friends of the directors?

(19) Did Allsopps' Board cause a thorough enquiry to be made into the Licensing scandal which occurred in Leith about 18 months ago, and in which Mr. Sinclair was alleged to be interested?

THE RAND GOLD OUTPUT.

Notwithstanding the railing of the mineowners, the gloomy reports of trade depression in Johannesburg, and depressed quotations on the Stock Exchange, the figures as to the Rand's production of gold suggest anything but complaint. In 1898—that is, the last year before the war—the value of the Rand output of gold was £15,141,376; last year it had risen to £23,427,892; and for the ten months of the present year to October 31 it was £21,779,502; so that it is pretty safe to say that for the year it will exceed £26,000,000. And not only is the ore treated and the gold extracted steadily and rapidly increasing, the cost of getting it is diminishing.

The Robinson Gold Mining Company works under exceptionally advantageous conditions, but it is noticeable that for last month it showed expenses of 14s. 9d. per ton only, as against 21s. 9d. per ton for the whole of 1906. Smaller but substantial saving is shown in other cases. The cost per ton at the Cason in 1906 was 23s. 4d. per ton; last month it was 19s. 10d. At the Comet in 1906 it was 24s. 8d.; last month 21s. At the Crown Deep in 1906 it was 19s. 2d.; last month 17s. 4d. At the Crown Reef in 1906 it was 21s. 9d.; last month 18s. 7d. At the Jumpers Deep in 1906 it was 27s. 3d.; last month 23s. 11d. And so in nearly all cases expenses per ton have gone down and profits have gone up.

An opportunity to earn from £5 per week upwards. Learn to write advertisements. Prospectus and list of employed students post free.—PAGE DAVIS ADVERTISING SCHOOL (Dept. 43), 136, Oxford Street, London, W.—ADVT.

"£1,000 A YEAR FOR LIFE."

In our last issue we referred at some length to a cigarette competition under the above description, conducted, as stated in the advertisements, by a Mr. Edwd. J. Newbegin. We characterised the scheme as misleading and impracticable, and with respect to its author we said:—

> "The only tobacco traders of that name known to us are a firm of the name in Sunderland, an old established, very respectable, firm."

We added

> "As a matter of fact we are informed that Mr. Edwd. Newbegin's real name is Boler, that he goes under the name of 'Frank Edwards,' and that Mr. Frank Edwards, alias Boler, alias Newbegin, was requested to leave the Imperial Hotel, Russell Square, a fortnight ago for not paying his bill, leaving his traps behind him."

On Friday last we received a letter from Messrs. E. C. Rollings and Butt, solicitors, of 2, Walbrook, E.C., demanding retraction and reparation on behalf of their clients, Messrs. Newbegin, of Sunderland. We have informed Messrs Rollings and Butt that we had no thought of associating a Sunderland firm, described by us as "old established" and "very respectable," whose connection with the competition is nowhere indicated or suggested in the advertisement upon which we were commenting, with a competition which, rightly or wrongly, we were condemning as open to very serious criticism. We had in mind the man who goes under the name of "Frank Woods," and no one else. We desire to make this plain to all who read our previous comments, although we cannot understand how anyone reading those comments could suppose that they referred to Messrs. Newbegin and Co., of Sunderland.

MAXIM'S.

A remarkable characteristic of the business life of Paris is the enormous fortunes made by those who carry on the leading restaurants of the French metropolis. It would not be difficult to name a dozen men who have made great fortunes in the restaurant business, and none is more widely known than Maxim's. An American globe-trotter would as soon think of leaving out Westminster Abbey in visiting London as going to Paris without visiting Maxim's. Its praises are sung all over the Continent, and even sedate Englishmen speak well of it. Of late the British investor has not been invited to put his money into many French industrial enterprises, but we learn that Maxim's is to be converted into a public company, and that next week its shares will be offered to the British public. The average profits of the restaurant for the last three years show steady increase. Last year they amounted to £18,811. A capital replacement policy is to be taken out so as to ensure the return of the whole capital at the expiration of the lease of the premises. After all expenses are charged, a sufficient surplus—taking the average profits of the last three years—is shown to pay a dividend of 12½ per cent. upon the shares about to be offered, and there is reasonable expectation that this dividend will be largely increased. There is ground for the belief that the growth of profits already disclosed will be increased by the mid-day business about to be started, and which may make Maxim's déjeuners as popular as its dinners. There will be no debenture issue, and as the managers who have already done so well with the business from the financial point of view will be directors of the new company, and will personally supervise the management as hitherto, it seems reasonable to assume that the shares will prove a profitable investment to those who get them at par.

A RHODESIAN DEVELOPMENT SCHEME.

A good deal is being said just now about developing Rhodesia. An organisation is in process of formation for the colonisation of Rhodesia. Mr. R. Tilden Smith is taking a leading part in the preparation of the scheme, and he has addressed a circular to those likely to give it their support in which he paints in glowing colours the potentialities of the country. The white population, as he says truly enough, still stands at less than 15,000, while the number of investors in Rhodesian undertakings exceeds 70,000. Naturally the 70,000 would like to see the white population many times 15,000, but is Rhodesia the country, the best country, for the British emigrant to seek his fortune? We very much doubt it. Here is what a

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.—Striking Success. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. The CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LTD., Stock and Share Dealers, QUEEN ANNE'S CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W. Telephone Nos.: 587 Westminster and 7765 Gerrard. Tele. Ad.: "Stockwerx," London.—ADVT.

correspondent, who ought to know, says on the subject, moved thereto by Mr. Smith's dithyrambics :—

> There is at present a scheme being promoted by a Mr. R. Tilden Smith to form an Association of Rhodesian shareholders. The object of this association is to try and induce emigrants to settle in Rhodesia. In the outlines of his scheme he speaks of the enormous natural resources of the country. Mr. R. Tilden Smith apparently has never been in Rhodesia, otherwise he would never refer to it as having enormous natural resources, and as a promising agricultural country. During a stay of over eighteen months in the country, and having traversed best part of it by easy stages, I had ample opportunity of observing the general conditions, climatic and otherwise, of this glorified graveyard. It is quite easy for me to understand why the white population for more than fifteen years has not exceeded 15,000. The scourge of malaria, enteric, and blackwater fever accounts for a large number of the new-comers every year, and the soil generally is not suitable for agriculture, and offers no inducement to men from the other colonies of South Africa to take up land for farming purposes, let alone settlers from the Mother country.

CHARING CROSS BANK.

Having been officially informed by Messrs. Coote and Ball, 37, Cursitor Street, E.C., that they have served a writ on *Truth* in regard to the recent strictures by that journal upon the Charing Cross Bank—and in view of which we removed the advertisement from our columns—we have thought it only right to restore the advertisement pending the trial of such action.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.

We have to thank a large number of readers for information and documents respecting dealings with this firm—whose action against us for libel should in the ordinary course come on for trial early next week.

We referred in our issue of October 5 to a company that was in course of formation for the working of valuable Wolfram properties in Colorado, United States. We understand this company will be brought out on Monday next.

Just as we are going to press we have received a letter from Mr. William Taverner with respect to our criticisms of the National Old Age Pension Trust. We shall deal with this matter in our next issue.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 67 Long Acre, London W.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SONS OF GWALIA.—BETA (Woodford).—We agree as to the unwisdom of it.

PLUMMER, RODDIS AND CO.—RODDIS (Nottingham).—We quite agree with what you say respecting the £140,000 for goodwill. We should not advise you "to have a flutter" in these shares. We see little likelihood of improvement.

GOVERNMENT STOCK.—F. E. S. (Kilburn).—There is no reason why you should not buy the Stock through the Post Office, if you are satisfied with the yield. Consols are hardly likely to go much lower at present.

RAND MINES DEEP.—R. B (Andover).—We should hold for the present.

INTRODUCTION TO BROKER.—NORNE (Enfield).—We do not recommend brokers.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE.—S. W. J. (Finchley).—Your original letter appears to have been mislaid, which we much regret, and in the one now under reply you do not repeat your question. If you will let us know what the information is you want we shall be glad to give it you.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.—IONA (Finchley).—Yes, it is quite separate from the Bank. The Society is of standing, and well managed.

UNITED PLYMOUTH HOTELS, LIMITED.—B. A. M. (Ilford).—We should prefer another selection.

19TH CENTURY BUILDING SOCIETY.—J. A. H. (Clapham Common).—You may safely do so; it is a very sound Society.

EAST ANGLIAN BENEFIT COLLECTING SOCIETY.—W. P. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—You must decide for yourself—and you have all the materials to enable you to do so. At the same time we may observe that the quick changes from the Health and Sickness Association, Limited, to the Anchor Benefit Society, and now to the proposed East Anglian Benefit Collecting Society, does not inspire confidence. We return your papers as requested.

SOUND INVESTMENT.—F. B. (Bolton).—All three of the securities you name represent sound investments.

AUTOMATIC TIME TABLE COMPANY.—R. C. (Hendon).—It is very difficult to express an opinion as to the future of a Company of this kind. All depends upon whether it supplies a recognised want. If the estimates of the prospectus are realised the shares will, of course, be valuable. Whether they will be is more than we can hazard a guess upon.

MISLEADING ADVERTISEMENT.—HAD SOME (Cardiff).—You will have seen, if you read our last issue, that we dealt with the matter on the lines suggested by your letter.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE COMPANY.—H. S. (Stepney).—The head office of the Company is at Birmingham, and it was formerly known as the British Workmen's and General Assurance Company, Limited. It was established in 1866. Its authorised capital is £100,000, of which £25,000 has been subscribed. The shares are £1, and there is paid up and added to each another £1. The dividend last year was 10 per cent. The Company transacts ordinary and industrial life business. The funds of the ordinary department at the close of the year amounted to £632,887, and of the industrial department to £1,141,931. The total assets at the end of last year amounted to £178,396.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—E. S. (Charing Cross Road).—Why should we advertise your wants in other than the usual way?

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.—S. H. S. (St. George's, E.).—We should prefer another selection. The Employers' Liability should serve your purpose.

VALUE OF POLICY.—A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER (Birmingham).—You will probably get as much from the office as from any outsider.

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.—CONSTANT READER.—We like No. 3 less than the others, but the list represents a good selection.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA LEGAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—J. M. (Clapton).—We have your letter with its accompanying documents, but we do not understand what you want. Is it your suggestion that we should recommend readers to apply to you as an agent of the society for policies? If so, we have to say that we limit ourselves to answering questions in this column put to us by readers. We are not canvassers, or partners of canvassers, for Insurance business.

MANUFACTURERS' LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF TORONTO.—F. R. H. (Maida Vale).—We know of no reason why you should not insure with this Canadian office through its branch in London.

SAN PATRICIO NITRITE.—F. T. (Westbourne Park Road).—We should not increase the holding.

OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—F. G. B. (Catford).—We are obliged to you for the papers you send us, and which came to you from Mr. Taverner. We have, as you probably know, expressed our opinion very unreservedly as to this so-called TRUST.

RATE OF INTEREST.—H. A. F. (Dalston).—You want to know why Foreign loans paying 5 per cent. are quoted lower than Colonial loans paying 3 per cent. You do not name the Foreign loans to which you refer, but the obvious answer is that if a Foreign 5 per cent. loan is quoted lower than a Colonial 3 per cent., it is because the Foreigner has been in default, or is likely to be there immediately.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—N. S. (Dundee).—We do not take the responsibility of recommending deposits with institutions offering the rate of interest named by you.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF QUALIFIED ACCOUNTANTS.—W. H. B. (Smethwick).—We fear there is no doubt about the liability, which we note you do not contest. As to whether action will be taken to enforce it if you do not meet it, it is pretty safe to say that it would be. Indeed, it would be the duty of the liquidator to take it, always assuming that the liability is enforceable.

TWO COMPANIES.—F. D. L. (N. London).—You had better continue to hold both lots for the present.

BIRMINGHAM UNITY EQUITABLE MONEY LENDING SOCIETY.—ANXIOUS (Birmingham).—We have no information respecting this Society.

REVERSIONARY INTEREST.—NIMROD (Leeds).—It seems a complicated matter, and we strongly advise you to consult a solicitor.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS, LIMITED.—CENTRAL (Nottingham).—We have no information. Why not apply for particulars to those who want to deal with you?

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—(C. W. V., Peckham).—We cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising dealings.

"MARKET DEALS."—(C. W. C., Portsmouth).—Ditto.

LONDON AND COUNTY REVERSIONARY COMPANY.—R. G. (Dorchester).—Ditto.

PURCHASE OF BONDS.—F. C. B. (Ryde).—It is very difficult to advise you what to do. You say you are a working man doing very little just now, and that some time ago you purchased from the International Securities Syndicate a Premium Bond, for which you agreed to pay £8 on the instalment system, and on which you have actually paid £2 2s. You are now in want of the money, and ask us what you are to do, as the Syndicate has refused to return you the £2 2s. They are not to be blamed for that, the agreement being that you should pay £8 for the Bond. Possibly, however, they will give you some small sum in lieu of the £2 2s., and recover the Bond. Your case is an illustration of the folly of buying Bonds of this sort unless you can buy at fair market rates and right out. With a narrow income like yours appears to be you can never be sure of being able to find the money for the instalments as they become due. A. H. W. (Middelburg).—The main objection to the purchase of these Bonds through the medium you name is that you would pay several pounds more for them than you would have to do if you bought from a respectable foreign bank.

INVESTMENT OF £100.—P. C. (Forest Gate).—The Ordinary shares of D. H. Evans, Limited, would give you the yield you want, with excellent security.

SEVEN PER CENT.—H. T. (Swindon).—There are not many shares, representing good security, upon which at present prices and last dividends you can get 7 per cent., but the ordinary shares of Fraser and Chalmers, manufacturers of mining machinery, yield nearly 7½. The present price of the share (£3) is about 4½, the last dividend 10 per cent. Having regard to the position of the Company, these shares may be recommended as an attractive purchase.

ACTION OF OUTSIDE BROKER.—ALMA (Redcross Street).—Upon the facts, as you state them, we do not think you can successfully resist the broker's claim; but we should advise you to take counsel's opinion before deciding upon your course. B. C. (Belfast).—You appear to have acted recklessly. If you give an outside broker *carte blanche* to speculate on your account, and he speculates unsuccessfully, you must pay the piper.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.—BULLITE (Keynsham).—We should prefer another selection. We are glad to know that JOHN BULL is read and appreciated in Keynsham and its neighbourhood. Tell us the kind of insurance you want to effect, and we will name the office we think most suitable for your purpose.

STATUS OF BANK.—C. J. (Bromley, Kent).—It is a comparatively new institution, and not financially very strong.

PREMIUM BONDS.—A CONSTANT READER (Cardiff).—Do not buy from the touting outside brokers, who charge much beyond market rates.

"£1,000 ANNUITY."—C. P. (East Dulwich).—We are much obliged for the card you send us. We have no information respecting the other people you name.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—D. K. (Sheffield).—It is not the fault of the Association if persons like yourself take out policies without reading the conditions under which they are issued. There is no excuse for not being acquainted with them, for whatever the merits or the demerits of the scheme under which the Company works, it is quite candid in its printed statements as to what it offers, and what it requires.

LIMERICK VOTE DEPARTMENT.

THE EDITOR, "JOHN BULL,"
67, Long Acre,
LONDON, W.C.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

CARTER AND BELL.

Several complaints have reached us respecting the methods of Messrs. Carter and Bell, solicitors, of 6, Idol Lane, Eastcheap, whose conduct was severely commented upon, during some recent legal proceedings, by Mr. Registrar Hood. We are calling the attention of the Incorporated Law Society to the matter.

MR. JUSTICE KEKEWICH.

The unexpected death of this old and respected Judge has been received with very general regret by all whose business takes them into the Chancery Courts. The late Judge was courteous, painstaking, and conscientious, and if the average of his decisions reversed by the Court of Appeal was higher than that of the other judges, it was rather because he was apt to ignore technicalities in favour of common sense than because his judgments were opposed to justice. It is only a few months since the late Judge was made a Privy Councillor, the only one of his rank on the Bench, and the honour was very generally approved by his brother lawyers. Mr. Justice Kekewich might have retired upon pension many years ago, but he preferred remaining in harness, and although he had reached the ripe age of seventy-six, he showed no signs of declining powers. The late Judge came of well-known and ancient Devon stock, and was a noted golfer.

POETS AND CONVEYANCERS.

It must have come as a surprise to many of the public to learn from the biographies of Sir Lewis Morris that that peppery Welshman was a lawyer as well as a versifier, and not only a lawyer, but one who practised as a conveyancer for some twenty years. We do not recall another instance of a conveyancer being a versifier with some claims to be considered a poet. It is true that the present Poet Laureate is also a member of the Bar, but unlike the late Sir Lewis Morris, he never got together a practice, and the same may be said in somewhat lesser degree of Mr. Henry Newbolt. We must go back to Mr. Justice Talfoud for a practising lawyer who was at the same time a considerable poet.

RELEASE OF DEBTORS.

A correspondent complains that we are inaccurate in saying that a County Court Judge cannot order the release of a debtor and that the Home Secretary cannot knock off a single hour from a debtor's sentence. We would point out in the first place that this opinion was not ours, but that of the Humanitarian League, who made themselves responsible for it in sending us a resolution passed by its Criminal Law Prison Reform Committee. Our correspondent supports his opinion that the League's law is wrong by referring to a case that came before Judge Willis, in which a Mrs. John Corbett applied to the judge to discharge the prisoner (her husband) who had been arrested the previous night for money lent, whereupon the judge directed his release. But the case is not quite convincing, for Judge Willis makes many orders about which a higher Court would have a good deal to say.

JOHN BULL LIMERICK

VOTE COUPON.

I consider line No.....to be the best.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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LAYMEN AND COUNSEL.

An interesting question was raised before Mr. Justice Parker on Thursday and settled by that level-headed Judge. A firm of solicitors acting for certain clients took the opinion of counsel, which was adverse. They accordingly objected to his being employed as their counsel at the trial. The solicitors nevertheless employed and paid him, and the present application was to review the taxation. The Taxing Officer, in answer to the objection of the allowance of the fees paid and the incidental costs, gave the following answer:—"Having regard to resolution 20 as to Bar etiquette, as Mr. A. had advised during the proceedings and did not waive the delivery of a brief at the hearing, in my opinion the solicitors were bound to deliver the brief, and are therefore entitled to recover the fees paid by their clients." The resolution prepared by the Bar Committee, and approved by the Attorney-General, so far as material, is as follows:—"Counsel who has . . . advised . . . during the progress of an action on behalf of any party . . . is entitled to a brief at the trial . . . unless express notice to the contrary has been given to him with the instructions to . . . advise." In this case express notice had been given, and Mr. Justice Parker brushed away the contention that the solicitors had no option in the matter.

The Judge held that these rules of etiquette, as they are called, as between members of the profession, have no effect outside and beyond the relations *inter se* of members of the profession in both its branches. His view is that "they do not affect in any way the relations known to the law between society and client. If they are enforcible at all they are only enforcible because the members of the profession choose to govern their conduct by reference to them." That is the common sense of the matter. It would indeed be a strange thing if clients were compelled to place their interests, interests it may well be of the most vital concern to them, in the hands of a counsel who, in their opinion, rightly or wrongly, was unfit, or less fit than some other available counsel to defend those interests. There is much too much assumption on the part of the Bar in their relations with clients. Barristers assume that the client, the man who pays them, and who has to stand the racket if the case is lost, ought to have no say in the conduct of the case. If it comes to a question of settlement, then the terms of settlement, if we are to listen to counsel, are for counsel, and for them alone. If they think a settlement reasonable, although their client is strongly opposed, still they consider they have the right to agree to it, notwithstanding their client's opposition. Mr. Justice Parker's decision in the case under discussion should be useful in reminding legal gentlemen that, after all, he who pays the piper has the right to call the tune.

THE J.P. PUZZLE.

With reference to our paragraph of last week in which we suggested that Lord Halsbury had been strangely careless in approving the appointment of J. C. Perryman to the Bench, an explanation has since been offered which, if it is correct, as we see no reason to doubt, shows that Lord Halsbury had no responsibility in the matter. It would seem that Perryman had been Chairman of the Farnborough Urban District Council, and that as such, under the Local Government Act of 1894, he was *ex officio* J.P. for the county. In the list of the Hampshire County Council for the present year "C. W. Perryman," of Farnborough, is named as sitting for Farnborough. It may be noted that the Justices of the Peace Act of last year provides that such an *ex officio* J.P. may be excluded from the exercise of his functions by the same authority as other Justices can be removed from the Commission of the Peace, in most cases, if not in all, that of the Lord Chancellor.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE TO QUIT (R. J. G., Catford).—It is entirely a question whether the day on which the rent was paid was the last day of the expiring quarter or the first day of the new one, and by the statement of the landlord that the notice should have been given when the rent was paid the former would seem to be the case, so far as the parties have agreed. In that event the notice to quit would seem to have been given in time.

PAGEANT TICKETS ("Daylight," Liverpool).—In our view you have no cause of action. Your own letter stated that you were willing to take £20 worth of tickets, and the acceptance was on those lines, and it could not have been in the contemplation of both parties that you should take the whole of £10,000 worth of tickets.

COMPENSATION FOR ACCIDENT (J. G. M., Fife).—You will find the scale of compensation set out in the schedule to the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1897, which applies to the accident. The amount to which the person is entitled is not more than half his wages, and this is to continue during incapacity. He should refuse to accept a lump sum unless it is very substantial, but he should be careful not to lose his right of action. The Trade Union ought to look after this

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

XXXIV.—CONSCRIPTION.

"There will be no real security for the people of this country without citizen service."—Lord Milner.

I.

They talk of conscription, my brothers, they hint at the woe to our land,
"Bind each to the gun!" they cry, brothers; "force each to the sword in the hand!"
They call every man to the training, to the blood, and the tears, and the flame,
And one of these days they may call you to the threat, and the menace, and shame.

Invasion of England? my brothers. Are your coasts not girt in steel?
Have you ceased to make din in your shipyards? Do you fear for the fleets that you keel?
Has your faith gone out of your watch-towers, your seamen, and captains as well?
Is this the story of England, the story you wish to tell?

Look, look at leviathans yonder! Your ships are upon the sea;
They ride in their strength and splendour, they are there for all to see.
Were they built as a nation's playthings, for the sport of an idle day?
Do the captains keep ready their thunders, but to boast and make haste away?

Do they think we shall stand all feeble, at the shout of invading hosts,
While the ruth of the Goth and the Vandal encrimsons defenceless coasts?
We are Lords of the Waters, my brothers, and do not turn pale at a scare,
We shall steer in the midst to meet them, and the legions must fight us there.

II.

Long years we have held to a freeman's way,
Unpressed to the pits of war,
With our homes untouched by a foreign sway
Or alarmed by the blasts afar.
For the freeman's way is the Briton's way,
'Neath the flag as it flutters high;
All willing our sons have gone to the guns,
And shown how the brave can die.

We have held our isle in our pride and will,
Not heeding the croaker's sound,
While the tramp of the foemen echoes still
Through the nations circling round;
And we never quake, for no war drums break
The peace of our native ground.

Our home is the sea and our love is the land,
And our pride is the name we bear,
So we march to the watchword hand in hand,
All one in the fate we share;
And we have no fear of the rivals near,
Or the thing they may choose to dare.

III.

The trumpets call not for guns in hand, nor for swords to be girded on,
They sound in the ways where the toil of the days is blessed when the toil is done—
Where the manhood bends to the pick and the spade, to the scythe, and plough, and hoe,
And the truth stands clear without fret or fear that our face must be set 'gainst the woe.
The gods of war both near and far—shall we break our youth to these?
Teach our children well all the ruth of hell as they clamber about our knees?
And breed at the breast in the love of the nest in the bone, and the flesh, and the blood
The lust to kill in the vale and the hill as we prate of the common good.
Till from sea to sea in the years to be we are bound to the crimson car
That crushes the braves in the unknown graves where the maddened nations are?
Each man to his work, each man to his place, with honour upright at the goal,
But not a man pressed to the fevered unrest to play the war game at a call—
Not pressed from the field where the grain is upreared or the forge where the anvil should ring,
Not pressed from the loom to rush on to the doom in the hell where the rifles sing—
In the hell where the dead lie pale 'mid the red when the cannons spring up with a roar,
And the lightnings flash from the blades when they clash and the quiver is seen no more—
When men doomed to the death curse and pray in a breath in the lust of the strain and stress,
And the Lord of us all, taking note how they fall, drops a tear in the wilderness.

IV.

O Lord, set us high in Thy purpose,
Bear us up with the strength of Thy hand,
Keep our policies just in Thy wisdom,
And guard Thou the hope of our land;
Let us stand for a people whose banners
Are blessed where Thy altars are set,
Let us loose not our sins in the thunders,
For Thy people are apt to forget.

Rear us brave for Thy love 'mid the hatreds
That flame up red-tongued from their sleep,
When the brothers fling back at the brothers
Hot words which their wrath will not keep;
Rear us brave to cry "Peace!" through Thy kingdoms,
And strong to maintain Thy behests,
Till the dove comes to rest 'neath our pennons
And the vultures wing back to their nests.

£3 3s.
for 21s.

For 21/- we make you a Suit to Measure which is valued by thousands of our customers at £3 3s.

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Together with Patterns, we will send you our Fashion Plate of Latest Designs, booklet containing a long list of absolutely unsolicited testimonials from gratified clients all over the world, tape measure and self-measure form, whereby you may measure yourself as accurately as any tailor. You take your measure to our instructions; we guarantee a perfect fit, or refund the amount of your money in full.

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If any suit you buy from us is not to your liking, return it to us, and we will refund your money in full.

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WATCHES We hold the Largest Stock in the World, and you save enormously by coming straight to the fountain head. We send, entirely Free, our Large Catalogue of all makes of Gold & Silver Watches, Albert, Rings, and Chaine Jewellery, and a variety of superior goods for presents. This book puts you in the best market for reliable goods, and fully explains our Easy Purchase Terms, and our substantial Discount for Cash. Ask for Catalogue "B."
J. C. GRAVES, Limited, SHEFFIELD.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"The History of a Lost One." By Margaret Böhme. (London: Sisley's. 1907. Price 6s.)

Daughters of joy have been favoured with undue prominence in literature. They are almost as popular with our novelists as burglars and baronets and detectives and comic sailors. In France, Daudet and Dumas and their thousand imitators have introduced us to all the trials and tribulations and grievances of the unfortunate class. Now we are presented with a very elaborate analysis of a frail German lady. After recovering from the first shock of learning that anything indecorous is allowed to subsist in the land of Luther, we begin to wonder why anyone should desire to depict it. The excuse will probably be realism, that inevitable apology for the unreal.

The author begins with the flimsy little pretence that this is a true story confided to her by the heroine. But there is evidence on almost every page that it is a work of fiction. In that capacity it is both good and bad. We have the incessant introspection which is chronic among people who depend upon their charms for their living. We have inordinate self-pity, even when prosperity is largely in excess of deserts. We have a sickly sentimentality, especially with regard to children. We have a strange distorted sense of honour, which never stands a very searching test. And occasionally we have touches which are so coarse and crude that they almost discourage further perusal.

There is very little to be learnt from the book beyond the fact that frail German ladies are exposed to a certain amount of good-natured insult, that they contrive to make a living, and that they sometimes die of consumption. When their souls are analysed in the minute fashion of this book, the wonder is that such souls should ever have appealed to persons of character and intelligence. I suppose the book will be read because many people of delicate instincts are unable to resist a strange, unhealthy curiosity about events of the gutter. I see no reason why ugly things should not be photographed in this way. Just as medical books serve a useful purpose by discussing diseases, nauseous novels may be allowed to diagnose moral irregularities, and reveal them in a discouraging light. But the book will appeal in the first instance to the prurient, and the preface, with its talk about "the great moral lesson," and an appeal to "the grave attention of every humanist," savours of affectation.

The translation is not bad, but it is not very good, and there are several absurd blunders. The translator evidently imagines that a German gymnasium is a place for gymnastic exercises. And the publisher tells us that the original title of the book was "*Die* Tagebuch einer Verlorenen."!

The main attraction of the book is to be found in the frank, natural narrative, which shows that the author has saturated herself with the atmosphere of her subject. I will quote a few characteristic passages. Here is an episode of the heroine's childhood:—

> The night they played, Teresa Krone's father had invited the actors to supper. I was allowed to come to table. We had supper in the best room, and there was red wine and champagne, and I had some of everything. The actresses sang funny songs, and I got merrier and merrier. It was gorgeous fun. At last I jumped upon the table and yelled out—"I am a pudding! I am a pudding! Cut me up and eat me. I am a pudding!"

When she was sent to school, intimacy arose with the pupils of a neighbouring seminary for boys. An excursion was arranged to an inn called the Green Tree, which was famous for its excellent rum punch.

> We started about five o'clock, and strolled along slowly, so that it was nearly seven when we got there. Directly we arrived, we ordered six punches, clinked glasses, and drank deep. The fiery stuff burnt one's tongue like flame, and I can't say I enjoyed it excessively, but Boy declared that it was the correct thing to order another go all round, and that we must do it, otherwise they'd think we were fools—besides, one couldn't possibly judge by one glass. I thought: "Now for it, then" . . . held my breath and gulped it down like medicine . . . But it was funny—either the rum must have been better in the second go, or else there was more sugar in it—for certainly it *did* taste much nicer this time. And it made one feel so warm and happy. We had some more after that, "to show we liked it," said Boy Detlefs; and we got gayer and gayer, and laughed like mad. Then Boy ordered a whole bowl, and said we must drink to his betrothal with Annie, and we all shouted "Hip-hip, hurrah!" and drank again each with the other, all round. At last, the hot, strong stuff made me feel ill, and the others couldn't manage any more, either. So about a quarter-past nine we broke up, but it was nearly ten before we really went away . . . Lena and Annie were howling like two mad things; Osdorff was grunting like a pig in the gutter, and finally the two girls began to get very sick. This disgusted me so much that it had very nearly the same effect upon me, and I crawled a little further away from them, but my feet were so heavy that I soon had to sit down again in the ditch. I knew perfectly well that I was just as drunk as the others, but I was conscious of everything. My head ached so dreadfully, though, that I stretched myself full length on the grass and lay blinking up at the sky. The moon was shining in the puddles, and millions of stars were twinkling, and looking at them, it seemed to me as if they were clear, human eyes, and as if two of them—two that were very gold and bright—belonged to my dear, dead mother. And I shut my eyes, for I couldn't bear to look at those two stars; it was my heart that began to ache then, for I was so horribly ashamed. It is not a pretty sight to see little school-girls drunk, and lying on the road like cattle; but how could we know that the abominable stuff was going to have such an effect?

She was accordingly expelled from school, but her father made light of the incident:—

> All the doors were decorated at home, and they had put up a transparency with "Welcome" on it. I cried with joy. I was so delighted.

There are wild, hilarious incidents of this kind at intervals throughout the book, but the keynote is one of lamentation. Here is one of the most typical passages:—

> To sum up, there hangs over every single denizen of this half-world a lurid, heavy cloud of tragedy and despair. . . . Certainly there are girls amongst us who have fallen by their own fault, grievously and guiltily fallen, but I maintain that not one has ever plunged into this mire with full consciousness of what she was doing. I know now many, many women who live only by the barter of their bodies, but I also know beyond a shadow of doubt, that there are not five in a hundred of them who would not grasp eagerly at an opportunity of getting back to a decent life. There is so much philanthropy and humanity in the world—there are *crèches* for the children, alms-houses for the old, refuges for the criminal, and God knows how many other forms of benevolence—bazaars, theatricals, dances, for the good of the suffering fellow-creature; but into this nether-world of profoundest darkness, uttermost misery, scarcely there falls a ray of loving-kindness, of pity, of real effectual help. How many of us long to be "saved"? But saved not in reformatories, not in rescue-homes, in Magdalen asylum—no! Not condescendingly will we be lifted up . . .

The book grows weaker towards the end, and is certainly not a masterpiece, but it may attract a certain amount of attention, and even arouse a mild sensation.

"The House of Margatroyd." By C. C. Andrews. (London: Cassell. 1907. Price 6s.)

At first you have the impression of a poor thin shocker, and aggravating people, but presently the book develops into a fair story, and maintains a pleasant interest. It may be read if there be nothing else available.

"The Luck of the Lanes." By John Barnett. (London: Cassell. 1907. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

This is tedious chiefly through an effort to be funny. The principal characters are two dull young men, an undergraduate and a lieutenant, who is called "Lieutenant" all the time. It is all about nothing.

"The Way of a Girl." By Lizzie C. Reid. (London: Cassell. 1907. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

The girl has a cruel uncle, so cruel that he does not hesitate to send her all the way from Ireland to an English boarding school. Then her father, who has been lost in the bush, suddenly turns up in the nick of time, and ousts the wicked uncle. Though she is only 15, she has a very eligible young man in the shape of a beautiful baronet. In view of her youth, we are not told of an engagement, but we are left with the impression that everything will turn out all right in the end.

"David Strong." By Alfred Gibson. (London: Cassell. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

The freshness and innocence of the amateur are here jumbled together. Wrestling and football are very well described and the interest of the reader is well sustained. But the sensations are crowded one after the other too profusely and the love-making is rather cold. Still, the author has distinct wit, and when he acquires reserve he should become a distinguished writer.

THE SECOND THAW TRIAL.

OUR SPECIAL FORECAST.

1907. Selection of new jury. Objection taken to every person who admitted that he had ever heard anything about the Thaw case.

1908. Jury completed—seven hermits, four long-sentence convicts, and a lighthouse-keeper.

1909. Trial adjourned for America Cup race. Sir Thomas Lipton shakes Mr. Thaw by the hand and says that he is confident that he will carry off the Cup before the trial is ended. Ignominious defeat of Shamrock XVII.

1910. Judge shows symptoms of senile decay. Asks, "Who is Mrs. Thaw?"

1911. Mr. Delmas, in illustrating the unwritten law for the 1378th time, shoots a juryman.

1912. Thaw jury go out on strike for Old Age Pensions and a bullet-proof jury-box.

1913. Extraordinary sensation in New York. *New York World* discovers that a juryman has been mad for years and believes he is a tea-pot.

1914. Mr. Jerome puts a hypothetical question lasting two sessions of the Court to a mental expert. Mr. Delmas objects, but the judge overrules the objection. Mental expert discovered to be stone-deaf. Question has to be repeated in deaf and dumb alphabet. Two jurymen die of apoplexy.

1915. New York State passes law that Thaw jury should be paid and that vacancies on it are to be filled by popular election. Tammany carries all its candidates, defeating Mr. Roosevelt and Pierpont Morgan. Salaries of jurymen raised to 20,000 dollars a year.

1916. Mr. Delmas propounds new defence, arguing that if White had been a Christian Scientist the bullet would never have hurt him, and that, therefore, his death was suicidal. Mrs. Eddy gives evidence that the purchase of six little books at ten dollars each (no discount for cash) would have made White bullet-proof.

1917. New York paper appears without a portrait of anyone connected with the Thaw case. Mr. Delmas applies that the editor be committed for contempt of court.

1918. Professor Weissman, of Leipzig, publishes pamphlet on the Great Thaw Myth—proving that the murder of White by Thaw is merely primitive man's method of symbolising the triumph of Spring over Winter snows.

1925. Mr. Upton Sinclair publishes his great work, "The Bungle," exposing legal delays in the Thaw trial. Ex-President Roosevelt emerges from retirement and orders the jury to bring in their verdict instantly.

1926. Mr. Delmas begins final address to the jury. Asks them if they will convict his client in a year which is the twentieth anniversary of the greatest sorrow in his (Mr. Thaw's) life—the sudden death of his old friend Stamford White. A reporter weeps in court.

1927. The jury decide that they must examine the Austrian castle in which Mr. and Mrs. Thaw lived, before returning their verdict.

1928. Discovery of the jury at Monte Carlo. Funds have to be wired for their return home.

1929. The jury returns verdict, "Guilty of bigamy in the second degree." Great popular enthusiasm. Kaiser presents commemorative statue of himself to Wabash University.

1930. Mr. Thaw chosen as Democratic nominee for the Presidency. Defeats Mr. Jerome, the Republican candidate, by immense majority. Declines to live in the White House because the name is offensive. As a compliment to American journalism the name of "White House" is altered to "Yellow House." Popular biography of President Thaw—"From Murderer's Cell to White House"—sells by millions. Mrs. Thaw elected Lady President of the White Ribbon Army.

What is Your Number?

CHANGE IN OUR SCHEME.

FIFTY NUMBERS DRAWN WEEKLY.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 1.

AWKWARD MOMENTS.

When friends call frequently, there are often "awkward quarters of an hour" to be filled up. Topics of interest are exhausted. That is just the time when a game of billiards is welcomed by everybody. You take your cigars with you into the next room, and round the miniature table talk flows freely again. Though a miniature table, it is the same game that is played on the match tables.

It fits on dining-table, or can be had as dining table and billiard table combined. The price—from £3 17s. 6d.—can be paid at once or at convenience.

Get rid of those "quarters of an hour" by sending post-card for catalogue to E. J. Riley, Ltd., Imperial Billiard Works, Accrington.—[ADVT.]

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Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE in 1 min. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

For FREE SAMPLE send Postcard to POTTER & CLARKE, Artillery Lane, London, E. Mention paper.

Instant relief

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Womanhood in Egypt.

The Fog Fiend has already made his unwelcome appearance in England, and already many enviable folk have fled before him to sunnier climes. Every winter an increasing number visit that land of fascination—Egypt. Last year, indeed, showed a decided falling-off in the annual influx of visitors; the reported unrest amid the natives against British rule being evidently sufficient to scare a considerable number of the ruling race. But the more courageous who, taking their lives in their hands, did visit the land of the Pharaohs, report that they met with nothing but manifestations of goodwill from the natives of every class. Accordingly, this year a greater number than ever of well-to-do men and women are again seeking the shadow of the Pyramids. One thing to which a woman visiting any Eastern country must speedily accustom herself is the steady, unwinking, unabashed staring on the part of the natives. I am positive that the Arabs in Egypt do not mean to be at all impertinent. They are blessed with a child-like curiosity, and the blonde, uncovered countenance of an English woman is an object of the deepest interest. Their own dark-skinned women never set foot outside their homes without being closely veiled. Like women of all countries, those of Egypt not only acquiesce in the many drawbacks and discomforts of their lot, but uphold and even increase them. Quite a number of women voluntarily never leave their own apartments all the days of their life. A lady doctor told me that on her remarking to the mistress of a Mahometan home, "How beautiful is the lebek tree round by the side of your house," the harem lady responded with evident pride, "I have been told so before; but I have never seen it." Yet she could have done so by walking a few steps from her own front door, and her husband would have offered no objection. Many of the younger Egyptian men lament the blank ignorance and total subjection of the women of their race, and are beginning to devise plans for the education of their own young daughters, often to the distress of the older feminine members of the family. Western women may still be deprived of the vote and other very desirable privileges, but their lot, taken on the whole, is as white to black when compared with the fate of their sisters in the East.

Mistresses and Servants.

A wealthy and charitable lady—Mrs. Hodgson of Haslemere, Surrey—has recently died, and under her will her faithful servants have been largely benefited. She has bequeathed £3,000 to her steward, £2,000 apiece to her butler and her coachman, and £1,500 to her cook and parlour-maid respectively. The number of cases in which such generous provision has been made for the future welfare of valued servants has, happily, been very frequent of recent years. Many mistresses recognise that the comfort and happiness of even the well-to-do is largely influenced by the thoughtful kindness and devotion many servants display, and that service of such a nature constitutes a certain moral claim upon the employer. In mediæval England the domestics were apparently often treated as one of the family, sharing bed and board, fasts and feast-days, treats and spankings with the children of the household. In some parts of Greece at the present moment a somewhat similar custom prevails. Girls are engaged as servants for ten or fifteen years on the understanding that they are to be paid no wages, but that on their marriage they shall receive a dowry from their employers. Such servants are described as "adopted daughters." Perhaps such a system introduced into England would suffice to persuade girls to stop longer than three months or so in one situation—much to the relief of worried mistresses. But there—it might cut both ways! Imagine, O housewife, being forced to keep some "treasures" for fifteen years!

An Ancient Christening Robe.

A Mrs. Pashley, the oldest woman in Worksop, has in her possession John Wesley's christening robe, now 200 years old. It appears that her grandfather lived at Epworth, near Gainsborough, where in 1703 the vicarage caught fire and Wesley, then an infant, was taken to Dr. Pashley's house, where the robe remained

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded Rumours:—

That the settlement of the railway difficulty was a "signal" victory.——That the Aerated Bread Company wants the Lyons' share.——That sets of diabolo have been ordered for the House of Commons for next session.——That the Drouet Institute appealed chiefly to the blind.——That Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Pierpont Morgan have agreed to play a game of billiards of 40,000 up on a triangular table for the championship of the world.——That the *Daily News* has been acquired by the National Sporting Club, and is likely, in the near future, to become the chief organ of Racing and Boxing.——That Mr. R. Bell has joined the Board of Directors of one of the important Railway Companies.——That the London County Council has definitely decided that in future no roads shall be "up" during those periods of the year when the thoroughfares are most densely thronged.——That an offensive Alliance has been concluded between Germany and Liberia.

So many burglaries have taken place in London lately that it is evident that an epidemic of breaking in is breaking out.

According to Dr. Ballaner, it is not etiquette to treat patients by correspondence. It might post-mort-'em.

"The undertaking business is bad," said a defendant at Lambeth County Court. The outlook is so grave as to be appalling.

"Lost Actor. Warrant Out," reads a contents bill. Evidently not "lost" but "gone before" he was found out.

Mr. Roy Horniman, writing in defence of the chorus girl, says, "She is very often married." Shocking!

According to a Washington expert, an egg does not turn bad until it is at least seven years old. Eggs for the next General Election should be stored at once.

The damage caused by the codlin moth in the United States is estimated at £2,800,000 annually. A big reward is offered to anyone who can find a Short way with this Codlin.

The most startling epidemic of the day is certainly "Coupondicitis."

In an assault case at East Ham, the prosecutor was named William Lammus. Evidently the defendant accepted the kind invitation.

"Wanted, a really smart boy who can open wooden boxes with a reference," runs an advertisement in a Durham county paper. The references must be to the point.

"All men want big returns," says *London Opinion*. Surely *their* publisher has no reason to grumble?

Green top-boots are being bought by New York society ladies for their pet dogs. But the animals have a natural dislike to tanned hides.

The "Pins of Propriety" was recently produced at Drury Lane. The play is well fastened together, and contains many good points.

It is stated that the King greatly disapproves of tipping. No wonder—sovereign tips must prove expensive.

It is stated that Oscar Asche will extend his London season to July. He says to the public, "You shall have more, As You Like It."

Mr. J. E. Raphael, ex-captain of the Surrey Cricket Club, has been adopted as Liberal candidate for Croydon. He must be prepared to take hard knocks and must not be stumped or bowled out.

The Only Shaw writes his plays on the tops of 'buses. Hence their high quality.

A physician states that when a child sucks a penny it swallows about a million microbes. And sometimes loses the penny.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner

Mr. Victor Grayson says the latest name for the Socialists is "the predatory gang of red-tied filibusters." But all they want to steal is a march on the Millennium.

Defendant, to Tower Bridge Magistrate: "You don't know what you are doing when you are drunk, do you?" Magistrate: "I don't know." It seems time his worship signed the pledge.

The man who criminally libelled Prince Buelow, the German Chancellor, has got eighteen months. Man gets but little here Buelow.

A man was recently caught walking away from a newsagent's with 227 daily and 16 weekly papers. Evidently a Limericker.

A woman supposed to be dead, at Sunninghill, sat up in her coffin and asked for a drink. Yet she had her bier at hand.

The Bishop of Carlisle says that "artistic tablecloths are not so good as shirts." Undressing for dinner has long been fashionable with the ladies, we know. Now it's the men's turn.

In the balance-sheet of some Cardiff schoolboys' annual sports, the secretary inserts an interesting item:—"Special prize for hurting himself, 13s."

The motor to drive poor Nulli Secundus was made in France. We suppose the British taxpayer raised the wind.

Mr. Louis N. Parker says men should go back to beautiful clothes. We have already got as far as a crease down the trousers.

Edison's latest invention resembles in one respect most of his previous discoveries as chronicled in the ha'penny papers. We will hear no more about it.

In the Weather Column of a contemporary we observe that the South Cone has been hoisted. Evidently the Clerk of the Weather is playing Diabolo.

Charged with attempting suicide, an unsuccessful actor said that he could not help it. Perhaps he was egged on to it.

Dogs bearing advertisements have been seen recently in the streets. The phrase "sandwich dog" will now have an entirely different meaning.

Mr. Leslie Pound has now read the Bible fifty times. He should have clear opinions on the Deceased Wife's Sister question.

A rather mixed reformer informed his audience the other night that the bottom dog was knocking at the door. We hope he won't bark his knuckles.

In a second-hand silk hat which he purchased a Wood Green cabman found seven bank-notes. We presume he drank to the brim.

A women's orchestra has been formed for the new St. James's Hall. It must have taken a time to decide who should play second fiddle.

The Amir of Afghanistan has recently ordered a large number of boots from Northampton, and it was made a strict condition of the order that half the boots were to squeak and the other half were to be silent. We presume that half the consignment is for Tariff Reformers.

"A large number of horsemen have submitted to the authorities in Morocco," we read. The reason, presumably, was that "they were led by Marabout Sidi-el-Haba Mohamed Si-el Hadj Larbi." The horses wouldn't submit to that.

At Colchester an Andalusian hen has laid an egg 7 in. in circumference, 6 in. long, and weighing ¼ lb. The Colchester natives protest against this being swallowed; it interferes with their prerogatives.

A reader writes:—"If I put away ½d. at the end of any week and continue for fifty-two weeks, doubling the amount deposited the previous week, I should find myself at the end of the year able to draw a cheque for £9,382,499,223,688, while still leaving a balance of 10s. 7½d. to my credit at the bank!" Surely the odd 10s. 7½d. might be drawn out and given to charities!

Another broken idol! George Washington, the patron saint of journalists, has come a cropper. Documents have turned up in Fairfax County, Virginia, which prove that the Grand Jury prosecuted him for making "incorrect" property returns! What would he have done nowadays, with income-tax at 1s.?

Marconi says that the recent storm has wrecked his wireless apparatus. That's the worst of these wireless wires—you cannot *depend* upon them.

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"BLACK & WHITE"
THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

BIRKBECK BANK.
Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
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In the words of the users, it
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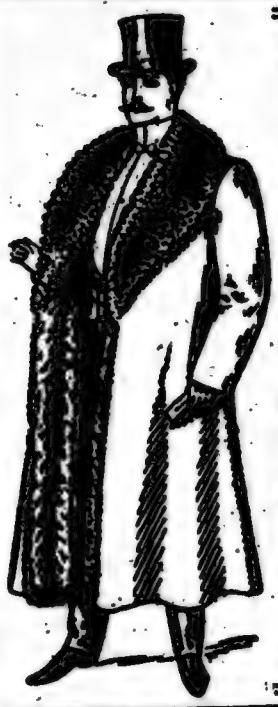

Sale of Fur Coats at 1/3rd Reduction.
The remaining stock of Gustav Ellis and another Furrier.
A few of the bargains:—
5 good quality Beaver Cloth, lined Musquash, Persian Lamb Collars. Original price 15 gns. Sale price 10 gns.
6 Black Cloth, lined Genette, large Astrachan collars. Original price 16 gns. Sale price £11 4s.
4 Black Cloth, lined Musquash, large Beaver Collars. Original price 20 gns. Sale price £14.
Also a quantity of coats, lined Hamster, Squirrel, Marmot, Beaver, Seal, &c., from £7 10s. to 50 gns.
Original prices £10 to 75 gns.
Swan & Edgar, LTD.,
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PROMPT CASH ADVANCES
£100 TO £10,000
LENT PRIVATELY
on approved note of hand, without security.
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For any period in Town or Country. Repayments as mutually agreed upon. No fees or bills of sale, and strictest privacy.
Advances on 2nd mortgages. Bills discounted.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

"UNDER PRINCE" (Leyton).—Yes, we read all about the Plymouth minister's case. We don't think the real offender will ever be found.

W. G. H. (Plaistow) says that Jim Crow's article on Love is a conglomeration of comprehensible intellectuality, while some critics may think that Crow's egotism clouds his rationality. Commenting on Crow's remarks about "love in a cottage," W. G. H. exclaims: "Jim, you can hardly reconcile this statement with your want of common urbanity the other week and your utter nonchalance towards Mrs. Crow in usurping the best seat on the 'bus." But it was not on the 'bus; it was on the bust—in the train. By-the-way, what relation is W. G. H. to our old friend "Steve"?

"A READER" (Stepney).—How *could* the *Daily Mirror* know anything about Princesses?

"NEMESIS" (Southwick).—The book was called "Modern Argentina" and was published by Griffiths at 12s. 6d.

H. J. H. (London, E.C.).—It seems rather quick scoring, but we do not know that it was untrue.

S. H. A. (Newquay).—There seems to be no end to these fraudulent watch concerns. We confess that we had not yet heard of the Albeta Watch Company, but their circular is on the lines of the others. Your answer was a very good one, and we hope you will stir up the police in your neighbourhood to pay attention to these people.

"STEVE."—You ought to be Poet Laureate, but why do you want to sing a song of winter chill? Why not sing a song of sixpence?

F. G. (Pontypridd) sends us a picture from the *Daily Express* alleged to represent "Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks, Betty, and the dog." But for the life of us we cannot detect any dog in the whole smudge.

C. M. W. (Huddersfield) sends us a slate pencil box made in Germany with all sorts of patriotic British pictures on it, including a horrible caricature of the Royal Standard. He has lived in Berlin and does not agree with our favourable view of the state of the streets there.

I. F. (Liverpool).—Surely we have already mentioned the London Premium Tea Co. once or twice!

J. J. S. (Halifax) sends us a poem about Mr. Crow, whom he calls "Our Jim, Our James, the man we love." We dare not publish the whole thing for fear of turning Jim's head. Besides, Jim will not do anything for love. It's our money he wants.

T. C. G. (Great Massingham) wants half a biscuit each for *London Chat* and for *Cassells'* for stating that an acre contains 14,520 square feet. He also wants to know the measurement of a broad acre. No doubt it sounds very fine in a Socialist denunciation of the rich, but for our part we prefer Long Acre.

W. H. B. (Rugeley) wants our opinion of the Imperial Art Supply Co. (Chichester House, Chancery Lane, W.C.). His niece answered their advertisement offering a shilling an hour for home work and received a very polite long letter asking for 7s. 6d. for outfit. She received some rubbish and presently a demand for 1s. 9d. more. We are glad to find that the police are at last beginning to move in the matter of these heartless frauds.

A. H. (Hammersmith) sends us a cutting about a royal wedding with the delightful misprint of financé for *fiance*. We suppose that in some cases this spelling would be appropriate.

J. S. (London, E.C.) informs us that the London Premium Tea Co. has removed from Ludgate Hill to 1, New Street. We hope they will move on again very soon. Perhaps "Old" will be a part of their next address.

"ARGUS" (Edgbaston) does not like an advertisement which announces that "every picture tells a story." Rather appropriate in the case of a quack medicine, though.

H. C. L. (Farnham).—We wish we could help you, but we really must draw the line at publishing your poetry.

"POOR RATEPAYER" (Nottingham).—£800 a year certainly seems a good deal for a chief constable who neglects his duties in order to compose music. But are you sure that this is the case?

C. D. W. (Merthyr Tydfil).—It was certainly stupid, in describing a funeral, to say that "the accused lady had been a much respected and faithful member."

M. H. (Cheadle Hulme).—Thanks, we have already prepared a biscuit for *Pearson's Magazine*.

F. L. (Coventry).—See answer to P. F. (Newington Causeway).

"AN AMUSED READER" (Grimsby) mentions the case of a widow who cannot recover some arrears of rent. But one hard case does not justify the bad practice of imprisonment for debt.

MR. M. (West Ham).—See answer to J. S. C. (Glasgow).

C. T. (Peterboro').—Thanks for cutting. We will deal with it.

H. H. (London, W.) has been offering a Limerick prize, the winner to have his boots soled and heeled for thirty pence instead of the usual price of 2s. 6d. What is the entrance fee? We really must have a shot at it.

"CYMRO" (Bangor) tells us about a local pork butcher who has placed over the door of his slaughter-house a huge enamelled sign with the words "God is love" on it. But a herd of swine recently showed considerable hesitation about entering the place. Poor pigs—they were passive resisters.

DR. McE. (Emerson Club) sends us particulars of a "Home Association," which sounds exceedingly dull.

P. S. (Kensington).—We are sending on your address to XXX.

E. M. (Lambeth) wants Jim Crow to tell him why everybody seems to be dissatisfied at present. Jim replies that he is not.

B. W. (Wrexham).—Thanks for congratulations. The mistake is not worth a whole biscuit.

"HOWTH" (Dublin) asks us to explain the meaning of the letters "E. and O.E." on covering notes issued from Lloyd's in connection with insurance. The answer is "errors and omissions excepted."

S. P. (Handsworth) sends the following comment on a recent prosecution:—

"I'd like to get their wooden heads,
I would upon my soul;
And with a policeman's truncheon
Make sawdust in our bowl."

We are not so vindictive.

J. R. L. (Los Angeles, California).—We are glad to hear that you still have a tender corner for the old country even after three years among the Yanks. We suppose they are rather like Red Indians, as you say.

H. W. A. (Acton Green) encloses a circular from the Dorado Watch Company, which was sent to a boy of 15. The police do not seem to be in a hurry to move.

J. W. (Battersea).—We certainly do not see how a girl aged one hour could be the mother of a boy of 10, but the case is rather too delicate for a biscuit.

"NORTHERN HEIGHT" (Tottenham) sends us a number of shady advertisements from Sunday papers. We think it should be regarded as a criminal offence to publish them.

G. H. C. (York) saw an announcement thrown upon the screen of a music-hall announcing that a wrestling match would take place on Thursday afternoon at 3 a.m. We have not a biscuit small enough for that.

A. G. asks us to award a biscuit to our old friend *Ally Sloper* for announcing, in connection with his "Limerick" competition, that "no notice is taken of names and addresses." That's only *Ally Sloper's* way of putting it.

"NEMO" (Hyde).—We satisfied ourselves some time ago that Mr. Clease's system is a genuine one, but we do not, of course, make ourselves responsible for its success.

A. W. (Mitcham).—Thanks for correction, but we make a point of being as colloquial as possible in writing. Postcards forwarded.

D. M. S. (Tufnell Park) asks whether he will be wise to have dealings with "Seymour and Graham, The Universal House, Estate and Apartment Offices (under Royal patronage), 219, Oxford Street." Will any readers advise?

J. C. (Southampton) offers to teach Jim Crow music. Good Lord deliver us!

F. L. C. (Hove) wants a biscuit for *Munsey's Magazine* for their reproduction of Pennell's pictures of London. He says "People who know their London must be highly amused at finding some of our public buildings have moved from their positions."

J. S. G. (Glasgow).—Very funny. We wonder whether we dare print it?

G. F. J. (Glasgow) sends us a barber's handbill, offering to cut children's hair carefully "with a toy" for 2d. Does he toy with the hair, or what?

F. W. C. (Southsea).—We give you the advice which Marshal MacMahon gave to the nigger: "Continue."

C. H. & Co. (Fleet Street).—We should have been glad to publish the funny letter, but we gather that it has been sent to other papers.

R. W. (Tunbridge Wells) writes to inform Jim Crow that there is some very good beer down there. We will not breathe a word.

A. J. M. (Montrose).—Thanks for congratulations and suggestion.

L. C. G. (Wanstead).—A shabby trick, but what did you expect?

W. J. T. (Forest Gate) sends us a funny little poem about Nebuchadnezzar, but we must not offend the admirers of that monarch.

J. R. H. (Glasgow).—The slip scarcely deserves a biscuit.

H. E. (East Finchley) wants a biscuit for the Great Northern Railway for publishing a picture with a full moon in a northern sky.

J. L. D. (Billericay) sends us an amusing advertisement of a "cottage wanted, suitable for pigs and poultry." Oddly enough it is in Essex—not in Ireland.

H. P. (London, N.).—Unfortunately we do not at all agree with you. There is already too much municipal enterprise.

C. H. P. (Paddington) recently sent for a book which was offered free on application. He has not received any book, but a circular from the Dorado Watch Co. has reached him instead. There seems to be no end to their tricks.

J. R. (Holyhead) and W. E. C. (Derby), disregarding our warnings, have each sent the London Premium Tea Company, of 56, Ludgate Hill, 6s. "towards" the "prizes" they are supposed to have won, but have not even had the two ounces of tea. The former asks the name of the manager, in order to take out a warrant against him. We think their best course would be to communicate with Scotland Yard.

"CRUEL CORSETS" (London) is the *nom de plume* of a young lady who wishes to know if she and her comrades can be discharged from a business establishment for "declining to wear specially small tight-laced corsets to satisfy the whim of our French manageress, who, because she wears 19's and looks like a statue, wants us girls to do the same." Of course, if no better excuse than that could be given, "Cruel Corsets" could bring an action for wrongful dismissal. Doubtless, however, some little pretext would be found.

F. W. (Clapton).—You had better give Dudley Salt, Ltd., and their free plots of land a miss, and deal with Lipton. We cannot answer your other question.

"TULLOCHGORUM" writes:—"Of all the silliest, blithering, feather-brained, jelly-minded, addlepated, dithering, blighted, slop-eyed, scatty-faced, balloon-gutted, pigeon-toed, boss-eyed, duck-footed, airship-kneed, crummy-headed, flabby-jawed specimen of a congential idiotical lump of protaplasm, Mr. Crow is the one. Please take him to the waters and drown him." Mr. Crow is very much obliged, and returns all these compliments with compound interest.

D. P. C. (Wanstead), D. C. (Fort William), F. H. (Douglas), W.W.K. (Birmingham), and others ask our opinion of the Stock Exchange Investment Corporation's "Greatest Limerick of the Day." We consider it a very impudent "try on."

F. W. (London) answered an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* for a book-keeper's position in a bank, and upon calling at Feltham's Bank, Ltd., 96, Victoria Street, Westminster, was asked to deposit £500 and find a bond of £1,000—in return for a salary of £170 per annum. But F. W. had seen our references to the concern, and didn't.

C. H. H. (Swansea) tells us that the office of Official Receiver for the Swansea district will shortly become vacant, and asks what are the qualifications of the post. We refer him to Mr. C. J. Stewart, the Public Trustee—who knows all about it.

C. M. (Birmingham).—You must not take us too seriously.

B. W. S. (Tottenham).—No biscuits for the Mayor of Hackney. We are looking forward to his banquets.

J. B. K. (Limehouse).—We cannot tell you when we shall commence our series of articles on the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. The matter is well in hand.

J. W. H. Y. (Hull).—Delighted to hear from you. We are Yorkshire ourselves.

J. M. K. (Aberdeen) and others.—Our Editor has no connection with Mr. J. H. Bottomley, the author of the pamphlet on Socialism.

R. C. C. (Sydenham) and many others, plead for another Limerick Competition, but we regret we are unable to alter our decision.

F. C. S. (Pimlico).—We believe the Weidhaas Institute to be a *bona-fide* concern, but cannot, of course, take the responsibility of recommending its treatment.

J. L. W. (Abergwynfi).—The intention of our cartoon, "The Man on the Iron Horse," was to indicate some of the possible disasters which would have followed a railway strike.

M. C. (Esher).—Thanks for interesting extract from *The Accountant*, re Public Trustee. We shall have a good deal to say about this official later on.

MRS. E. S. (Birkenhead).—It seems rather hard that, if you want new teeth, you should have to pay the Royal Dental Hospital (Leicester Square) £4 4s. and then have to beg one of the governors for a letter as though you were a pauper.

"LIBRARY" (Hellingly) subscribed to "Lloyd's Library," but has since become too poor to keep up the payments. If he will send us his summons, we will try to advise. He says the Library is "merely a collection of scraps from different writers." He also says we are like an airship because we aim high and can stand a gale. But we hope he does not mean that we are full of gas.

A. J. (Aberdare) wants us to write a speech for him. He has to propose the health of the bridesmaids. We must see their photos first.

"CAVENDO TUTUS."—The man was in very bad health and spat blood, so we must not be too hard upon him.

F. S. (Clay Cross) wants our opinion about the prosecution of a Clay Cross constable. The constable seems to have acted rather injudiciously, but it is difficult for us to pronounce upon a case without hearing all the evidence.

F. F. R. (Hackney) is "jolly well pleased" with us. He actually thinks that we and Jim Crow are one and the same person. Tut, tut! He works every day from 4.20 p.m. till 12 as a postman in the city, and finds it very hard that he never has an evening off. Very hard lines, but what a nice long day he enjoys to himself. We wish we had as little to do.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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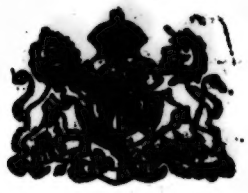

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lottery.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

No Mannikins Wanted.

No jockey under 14 is now allowed to ride in Australia.

Like Father, Like Son.

Invariably the stock of Isinglass—like Baltinglass—are "slugs."

No Great Credit to the Place.

Baltinglass is named after a town in West Wicklow, Ireland.

Getting Ancient.

The Manchester November Handicap was inaugurated 30 years ago.

What's in a Name?

Madden lives at Veracity Villa, Newmarket—a mere coincidence.

The Sensible Plan.

There are no jockeys like Higgs and Trigg for never ceasing riding until they are well past the post.

Apropos of the Newmarket Sales.

It is strange, but true, that the London auction marts are very bad venues for selling horses in training.

The Money supposed to Speak.

The very early experiences this season are causing backers to think that jumping is NOT such a fine game after all.

Loyal.

The black picture poster of Newbury races—which is also in reduced size on their race cards—represents Persimmon.

The Records Show It.

Backing foreign, colonial, or Irish horses in big English handicaps was the only certain road to success last season.

Does Better the Second Time.

Forerunner II. invariably needs an earlier race to sharpen him up. Hence his usually competing on two consecutive days of a meeting.

Will Compete over Here.

The Widgers have a smart young 'chaser who can also win on the flat in Jerry M., who is to take the place of the expected Royal Bow.

Both Held last Week.

It should not be forgotten that, besides Newbury, Portsmouth Park paid a dividend in the first year of its reconstruction.

Our Leading Cross-country Amateur.

I am very pleased to be able to say that Walter Bulteel is now almost quite himself again, though it is doubtful if he will ride—anyhow this winter.

A Wonderful Veteran.

The prolific winner rider of late—Billy Halsey, Baltinglass's jockey—has had another good season. "Little William," as he was always called by the Woodland family—who brought him out—is a masterpiece all round.

The Terra-cotta Jacket.

As a Manchester man—or, rather, boy—originally, Mr. "Benny" Gottschalk would relish winning nowhere better than at Cottonopolis, which fact probably Desespoir realised, as he has been a whole season fruitlessly trying to win a race, until this very last chance and on his owner's native ground.

Higgs has not the Same Facilities.

The highest number of winning mounts that any jockey has ever had is the late Fred Archer—246 in 1885, the year before his death. On no fewer than eight occasions did he well exceed 200 winning mounts, but only one other jockey—Tom Loates, in 1893—has since then ever got beyond the double century.

For the Colonies.

I bought and shipped to South Africa last week Fanita, Far On, and The Swan, all fillies with some sort of form about them, and, with any luck, quite good enough to pick up races in Cape Colony. The purchase prices were "right," too, and if so disposed I could have had a good profit on each, especially Fanita, for whom I gave 300. She has been very unlucky to Dick Dawson here—hence her sale.

Over the Sticks.

This week we began anew at an old game—with different actors, human and equine. Each season it is a common practice of those who, as the winter wanes, will be anathematising steeplechasing to declare "what a treat to see a bit of jumping." Henceforward there will be smaller fields, no worrying about the draw, no delays at post, but even more cramped odds—much greater incident, more true sport, and a prolongation of the "agony" to those who bet heavily. A serious deterrent is that but a small percentage of those carrying colours as yet similarly carry the coin and confidence of their connections. Many very veteran performers among the horses are re-introduced to us, and it is really marvellous how many of these "anciens" drag on season after season. They are usually casts-off from racing, originally only moderate performers, have leg troubles, and yet have to carry welter imposts over long distances in heavy ground—and to perform two or three times a week the season through. Jumpers are very much more trouble to train than flat racers, whilst the risks they have to run of "knocking their legs about" whether out or at home are enormous. There will be the customary unlimited supply of jockeys—of one sort or other—it being humorously said that we really have as many cross-country horsemen as horses. Certainly only the very few at the top of the tree get many chances, for each stable has its own "schooling" lads who are frequently given a chance in public by reason either of philanthropy or as an aid to lengthened prices.

No S.P.

It is almost unparalleled—except at a little hunt meeting—for a race to be run without betting, such as at Manchester last week-end, when the fates probably resented the Friday Plate being, through adjournment, decided on the Saturday. The thing seems almost incredible, and to backers of Kilbeg it will always be non-understandable. Luckily Mr. Bowen, the winner's owner, is only in the £5 each way line of business, so that the financial result would not—to him—be disastrous.

Mr. Stedall's Ill-fortune.

There can be no gainsaying the abnormal ill-luck which alone prevented Wise Mason from winning the Manchester November Handicap, for everything—the draw, the loss of start, and finally the interference from Baltinglass, when he clearly crossed him, causing the big horse to be pulled up for a stride or two—lost Mr. Stedall what would have been a very popular verdict. Poor little Howard, who was horribly blamed for not winning the Cesarewitch upon Baltinglass, will now think still less of the colt, while it seems reasonable to believe that those who received over Demure in the Newmarket race were protected by fortune, seeing that on this form—quite a 21lb. improvement—and Radium's astounding advance, Demure ought to have been, at the best, third in the long race at headquarters.

Prophetic.

Even greater care is needed at what will be, for a time, our new game. We want to bet seldom and with reason or, in racing parlance, to be properly "inspired." As we know he is fit, and this is his proper game, I must advise the support of

NULLI SECUNDUS

in the Leicester Handicap of to-day (Thursday). Kempton gives us real good sport, and here Batho's horses look like winning a race or two, particularly the selling events; and if it should be decided—as is likely—to run CRIPPLEGATE in the St. Margaret's Plate on Friday he should win. In the Selling Steeplechase on the first day the danger to ADANSI is DOLLAR III. In the Wimbledon Maiden Plate figures

PLAYFUL OCEAN,

who ran well under disadvantages at Newbury.

On Saturday if BROOMSTICK is risked in the Barnes plate, he will take it, being unpenalised and experienced. There is always danger in Oatlands, who is a "funny" horse, but on what was obvious at Newbury, where

JUDAS

should have won easily, the gelding should make atonement in the Middlesex Handicap. Putting it roughly, as I am writing days in advance, and cannot say whether they are likely to run prior to the next issue, I would hint that MANSVELT, PLAYFUL OCEAN, and YASHMAK (in a selling) should be followed.

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For meaning of this number see page 1.